A116-3

PERMANENT FILE

HUSH... HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE

MAY 11, 1964

Property of

Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation

THE ASSOCIATES & ALDRICH COMPANY

"HUSH, HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE!"

SOUND BEFORE VISION - (HARPSICHORD)

The first few tinkling notes of the "Sweet Charlotte" Song are struck, off key, in darkness. The music becomes more clearly defined.

FADE IN:

1 LONG SHOT - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

STARTING ON a side view of this well-preserved monument to the arrogant grandeur of the long departed South, CAMERA TRUCKS FORWARD IN A WIDE ARC, past the carefully landscaped profusion of trees and shrubs to a point where we have a less obstructed view of the house with its wide, classic verandas and balconies. The music of the harpsichord underscores the mood of mid-summer tranquility. CAMERA MOVES ON in an unbroken sweep towards the side veranda and the library window, passing as it does so a brand new 1927 model car that is parked in the drive. As CAMERA closes on the library window the gentle music of the harpsichord is abruptly cut off.

CRASH CUT TO:

2 INT. - LIBRARY - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT: A RIDING CROP, of the kind which in a different age might have been carried on his rounds by the plantation Overseer, is struck violently against the edge of a big desk. The thwack of the riding crop is accompanied by a half-choked, inarticulate roar of anger from BIG SAM.

3 NEW ANGLE

LOW ANGLE CLOSE SHOT: BIG SAM HOLLIS, an heroically constructed awesomely powerful man in his mid-forties, turns sharply from the desk to face CAMERA and an, as yet, unseen adversary. Though his wealth and position are chiefly derived from sharp business and ruthless politics, Big Sam is the very personification of the Empire builders of the old South, and he still likes to affect, albeit in the most expensive fashion, the "working clothes" of a plantation owner. Now, glaring at CAMERA and breathing heavily, he is fighting hard to keep his rage from overflowing.

BIG SAM
You got no idea what it's costing me just to keep from killing you right where you stand.

He advances on CAMERA.

4 TWO SHOT

JOHN MAYHEW, a handsome, sensitive man in his late twenties, and obviously no match for Big Sam, stands with his hands resting on the back of a chair as if for support. His well-cut city suit of the period seems almost effeminate in contrast to the rough masculinity of the less dated costume that Big Sam affects.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

BIG SAM
(advancing on John)
My daughter and you - Jewel Mayhew's husband!...I swear to God I'm glad Charlotte's mother didn't live to see this happen...

He has advanced to stare right into Mayhew's face, but now, after a pause, he walks right on past him, so that Mayhew, not daring to turn, has the additional disadvantage of having to listen over his shoulder.

BIG SAM
(to some extent enjoying his sense of outrage)
I know you, Boy...I know your slimy, spineless ways.

He pauses briefly in front of one of the family portraits that line the walls.

BIG SAM
My own father was a fool like you - sat dreaming out there on that veranda and let this whole place slide into the dirt, so that when he died there was nothing; nothing but dirt and debts...

He glances lovingly at the portrait of Charlotte that hangs beside his own above the fireplace, and his fury is rekindled.

BIG SAM
But I didn't fight to keep this place - bring it back to what it used to be just to have this happen. I haven't watched over my girl all this time just to have some other man... lay his...

He catches Mayhew's sudden look of understanding and revulsion, and quickly corrects himself.

BIG SAM
...some man, or creature like you take her away.

There is a pause. Mayhew, appalled by Big Sam's self-revelation, stumblingly tries to mitigate the situation, but succeeds only in making it worse.

MAYHEW
But she's not a girl anymore. There'll have to be men -- I mean, some other man than you...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

His words trail away and he is left staring helplessly at Big Sam who, blinking rapidly as if in some uncontrollable paroxysm, seems about to leap upon him and crush him like a bug. Finally, Big Sam turns away and speaking with his back to CAMERA starts to spit out his words, striving desperately to control his voice and separate the words from the thoughts that they conjure up in his mind.

BIG SAM
How'd you have this... this "elopement" planned out, boy? How were you fixing to go about it?

MAYHEW
(haltingly)
During the dance - tomorrow night... We were going to meet in the summer house. Charlotte was to have her things ready... We were going to go... That's all...
(after a pause)
I had a room waiting for us in Baton Rouge and -

BIG SAM
(shouting)
I don't want to hear about that! Now you just shut your filthy mouth and listen to me. Charlotte doesn't know about this. She doesn't know Jewel was here last night, and she doesn't know you're here now.

MAYHEW
(surprised protest)
But how could my wife --

BIG SAM
(viciously)
I told you to shut!...!

He towers over Mayhew and does not proceed until all sign of protest is dispelled.

BIG SAM
...and listen. You're going to come to that dance tomorrow; you're going to come and you're going to bring your wife. And then you're going to...

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

5 INT. - MUSIC ROOM - PAN SHOT - THE PARTY GUESTS - NIGHT

The dance is in full sway. An orchestra is playing a waltz. The girls are all dressed in virginal white, the young men in summer dinner

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

jackets. The older guests have retired to the sidelines. Negro servants are serving champagne punch. The CAMERA PICKS UP a YOUNG GIRL and FOLLOWS HER through the crowd, to show that she is eagerly searching for someone.

6 SHOT OF YOUNG GIRL, DANCING COUPLE

She reaches out to one of the dancing couples and stops them so she can ask:

YOUNG GIRL
Ginny-Mae, you seen Charlotte anywhere?
I got the most killing thing to tell her...

GIRL DANCING PARTNER
(realizing)
I haven't seen her for a long time now.
(pause)
The last time -- she was dancing with John Mayhew.

The couple give each other an exceedingly knowing look, exchange arch smiles.

BOY DANCING PARTNER
Then I guess it'll be a long time 'fore you see her again.

The couple dance on, and the Young Girl moves away looking perplexed. As the CAMERA HOLDS, Big Sam moves immediately into the frame.

7 CLOSE SHOT - BIG SAM, GUESTS IN NEAR F.G.

There is a look of ungovernable fury on his face. He turns and looks toward the French doors.

8 WIDER ANGLE - BIG SAM, GUESTS

He starts shoving his way through the dancers, blind to their presence, jostling one young couple.

9 ANOTHER ANGLE - BIG SAM, GUESTS

He goes out the nearest of the doors, stands for a moment, glaring out into the darkness, then moves off and down the steps.

10 INT. - SUMMER HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

In the flickering light of a candle we see Mayhew and the hunched, weeping figure of CHARLOTTE. She is seated at the table with her back to CAMERA so that the light draws our attention to the detail of her skirt and her limp young hand, holding a party nosegay. Mayhew, lost in wretchedness, moves toward her.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

MAYHEW
I can't help it, Charlotte; I just can't go through with it.

Charlotte looks up. Her face hidden from CAMERA as she clutches at a last desperate straw.

CHARLOTTE
You're not telling me this because of father, are you? Because you're afraid of what he'll do when he finds out. If that's --

MAYHEW
(lying desperately)
No, it's got nothing to do with that. I guess, I just made a mistake.

She continues to weep. A breeze touches the curtains at the window, the candle flickers crazily and goes out. Mayhew, standing before the window, is shown in vivid silhouette.

MAYHEW
If it helps any at all -- I really did think I loved you. But you've just got to try and understand.

With a cry of rage, Charlotte rises suddenly from the chair and, immediately moving out of the frame made by the window, hurls the nosegay hard into Mayhew's face.

11 CLOSE SHOT - THE NOSEGAY

It falls into a patch of moonlight at Mayhew's feet.

12 RETURN TO MAYHEW

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
(a strangled whisper from the dark)
I wish -- I could kill you...!

He moves toward her, as if to touch her. But she is running to the door now, weeping loudly. The door opens, she goes out, and slams it closed again.

13 SHOT OF MAYHEW

He stands looking after her in an attitude of despondency; then, slowly, he leans down.

14 CLOSE SHOT - NOSEGAY, MAYHEW'S HAND

He picks up the nosegay.

15 RETURN TO MAYHEW

Holding the nosegay, he goes to the table and sits down in an attitude of profound weariness.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. - GARDEN - CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE - NIGHT - STAGE

Seen from the waist down, for a restatement of her skirt and slippers. She has stopped crying now, so there is only the distant sound of the music and the party. She starts forward a step or two, stops, then suddenly whirls about and takes a different direction.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. - BREEZEWAY - SHOT OF BOY - NIGHT - LOCATION

We are now at a side of the house away from the party, so that the sound of music is very faint and we hear the sounds of the night. A Young Negro Boy is awkwardly trying to open a case of champagne with a meat cleaver. Silver ice buckets stand nearby filled with cracked ice. The Boy takes a swipe at the case, and there is the sound of breaking glass. A uniformed Negro BUTLER enters.

BUTLER
Jenks -- you oughta know you can't open them cases with a thing like that. Look here -- why you think I put this out here, special?

The Butler takes up an angle iron from a wooden bench nearby and gives it to the Boy. At the same time he takes the cleaver and drops it down on the bench, at the end close to the outer limit of the veranda.

BUTLER
Now, you take care and don't bust no more bottles. That champagne's the most expensive illegal liquor money can buy.

The Butler goes. CAMERA MOVES IN for a CLOSE SHOT of the cleaver on the bench.

CUT TO:

18 INT. - MUSIC ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Our attention is directed to one of the older couples who are making their way slowly toward the hallway, she pulling her silk, embroidered shawl around her, ready to leave.

19 SHOT OF MAN AND WOMAN

They pause near the doorway and the Woman smilingly buttonholes a YOUNG LADY who is coming from the opposite direction.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

WOMAN
Oh, Geraldine, hasn't it been just the loveliest evening.

The Young Lady smiles her agreement, anxious to rejoin the dancing.

MAN
We have to go now. Would you be a dear and thank Mr. Hollis for us. I don't seem able to find him.

YOUNG LADY
(already moving away)
I'll do that, Mr. Howard.

MAN
Thank you, dear. Goodnight.

The MAN makes a perfunctory bow in the direction of the departing Young Lady and they move on out into the hall.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. - BREEZEWAY - SHOT OF YOUNG NEGRO BOY - NIGHT - LOCATION

He is busy opening the cases. He pauses to lick his fingers, which are damp with the champagne from the broken bottle. He hears a sound from somewhere behind him. Feeling guilty, he starts and looks around, goes over to the edge of the veranda and peers out into the night.

21 SHOT OF YARD - BOY'S POV - STAGE

The scene is lost in darkness. There is no sound except the one of distant music.

22 RETURN TO BOY

With a faint shrug, he turns back to his work. CAMERA MOVES DOWN AND IN for a CLOSE SHOT of the bench, where we last saw the cleaver. The cleaver is gone.

CUT TO:

23 INT. - SUMMER HOUSE - SHOT OF MAYHEW - AS BEFORE - NIGHT

He is seen in silhouette, still sitting at the table in front of the window. His head is in his hands now, but he lets one hand fall forward, the one holding the nosegay.

24 CLOSE SHOT - THE TABLE, THE HAND, THE NOSEGAY

The hand comes to rest on the moonlit surface of the table, holding the nosegay.

25 RETURN TO MAYHEW

There is a sound from outside in the direction of the door. He turns and looks in that direction.

MAYHEW
Charlotte...?

26 SHOT OF DOOR - MAYHEW'S POV

The door is closed. There is silence.

27 RETURN TO MAYHEW

He looks away out of the window, sighs heavily.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE THE DOOR

The door inches slowly and silently open. Mayhew, unaware, does not look around.

29 SHOT OF DOOR, FIGURE

In the partial opening of the door, there is a figure, undefined.

30 REVERSE SHOT - MAYHEW AT THE TABLE - FIGURE'S POV

Because of the focus of moonlight, Mayhew's hand and the nosegay are predominant.

31 RETURN TO DOOR, FIGURE

The door starts to open fully. We see a glinting, of light on metal, as the figure rushes forward.

32 SHOT OF MAYHEW

Hearing, he looks around, not yet alarmed.

MAYHEW
(a real question)
Charlotte...?

33 CLOSE SHOT - MAYHEW

Fear, terror, horror come swiftly into his face.

34 thru 54 DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE - SERIES OF SHOTS IN VERY RAPID CUTS

55 SHOT OF THE RUSHING FIGURE - MAYHEW'S POV

56 ZOOMAR - THE HAND HOLDING THE NOSEGAY

To simulate the cleaver's approach to it. Ending with a solid "whack" and a scream of pain.

57 CLOSE SHOT - THE HAND AND CLEAVER

As the CLEAVER bites into the table, appearing to sever the hand from the forearm, the fingers, palm upwards, open slowly like a flower and the nosegay rolls onto the table spattered with blood.

58 SHOT OF THE WINDOW CURTAINS

There is blood on them.

59 SHOT OF MAYHEW

Moaning, he clutches at his handless arm, brings it out in silhouette across the light around the window, and down out of sight. He crouches in a paroxysm of pain and shock. At the sound of rasping breathing, he turns and looks up at an angle.

60 CLOSE SHOT - MAYHEW

A new terror comes into his face. He starts to rise, crying out:

MAYHEW

No...!

61 SHOT OF THE CLEAVER - MAYHEW'S POV

As it comes down straight into CAMERA.

62 SHOT OF JOHN - FIGURE

John rises up sharply and collapses at once across the table, so that his head falls in darkness, beyond the reach of the moonlight. The cleaver comes down where his head is, again and again.

CUT TO:

63 INT. - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT - STUDIO

BIG CLOSE UP: An enormous pair of HANDS are applauding wildly. The sound of the palms meeting is as magnified as the CLOSEUP of the hands, and is almost immediately augmented by the sound of many other hands clapping. The effect is nightmare rather than realistic. PULL BACK QUICKLY TO REVEAL the crowded dancefloor and the guests applauding the end of a number. The party is clearly approaching its climax. The young people on the floor continue to clap; their applause rapidly being transformed into a demand for more music.

64 MEDIUM SHOT

The BANDLEADER shakes his head, half bemused, half anxious. Then, shrugging helplessly, he grins, turns to his band, and as if suddenly caught up in the young people's wild enthusiasm, leads them into an impossibly fast Charleston.

65 NEW ANGLE

Some of the older Guests seated at the edge of the room are viewing the proceedings with increasing bewilderment and a little apprehension. The Girl who was looking for Charlotte is moving slowly around the dance-floor, still searching. She glances OFF SCREEN, thinks she sees what she is looking for, and moves forward with an eager smile.

66 GIRL'S POV

Charlotte, partially obscured by the moving dancers, appears from the darkness outside, backing towards one of the open French windows, so that her face remains hidden from CAMERA.

67 REVERSE SHOT

The Girl continues towards CAMERA still smiling. Her eagerness communicates itself to a YOUNG COUPLE, who have just given up the unequal struggle against the ever increasing tempo of the dance. They follow the direction of the Girl's gaze with curious smiles.

68 YOUNG COUPLE'S POV

Charlotte backs farther into the room and starts to turn towards CAMERA.

69 REVERSE SHOT

The Young Couple's smiles begin to freeze. The Girl clutches at her partner's arm in sudden horror.

70 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte's skirt is soaked through with blood.

71 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE GUESTS

More and more of the guests turn, catch sight of Charlotte and react with surprise, horror, shock. This follows in swift chain reaction as the CAMERA FOLLOWS ACROSS to the doors opening into the hallway. At the same time the music dies rapidly, and the room falls into an ominous silence.

72 FULL SHOT - THE DOOR - BIG SAM

He comes into the room, looks at the stunned guests, and then down the length of the room at Charlotte.

73 CLOSE SHOT - BIG SAM

His face becomes set, furiously remote.

74 ANOTHER ANGLE - BIG SAM - GUESTS

Sam shoves his way slowly through the crowd. The guests turn to see him pass, begin to murmur uneasily and back away, leaving Sam to cross the wide expanse of floor alone.

75 HIGH ANGLE

SHOOTING OVER Charlotte's shoulder as Sam advances so that we never see her face. Charlotte stands perfectly still, making no move to hide herself or the blood-stained dress.

Sam moves towards her, holding out his hand coaxingly.

BIG SAM
Charlotte...honey...Come with me, now...

She begins to whimper and back slowly away from him, but whether she does this through guilt and fear of apprehension, or because of a sudden revulsion from the man who is walking towards her, we cannot tell...

LONG DISSOLVE:

76 EXT. - GRAVEYARD - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - LOCATION

The graveyard, surrounded by a low iron fence, has been well and even lovingly cared for. Most prominent of the headstones is one inscribed SAMUEL EUGENE HOLLIS, 1883-1928. Beside this is a more modest stone marked MARGARET BETHEL HOLLIS, 1889-1924; Beloved wife of Samuel E. Hollis. In the background there are other, older stones.

SUPERIMPOSE 1964

As the superimposed date fades and CAMERA begins to close in on Big Sam's tombstone, we hear a strange, high-pitched and barely human snickering. An evil, gleeful cackle that is quickly answered by other, high-pitched sniggers. CAMERA hesitates, and then, as if frightened, suddenly:

FLASH PANS TO:

77 EXT. - GROUNDS AND HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - LOCATION

CAMERA comes to rest briefly on a front view of the darkened, lowering house near the shrubbery, which over the years has become rank and tangled. OVERSCENE: The unpleasant sniggering is even louder now. CAMERA hesitates again, and then begins to TRACK cautiously through the shrubbery towards the source of the sounds, which seem to change direction, causing another:

FLASH PAN TO:

78 EXT. - SHRUBBERY AND HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

There is an indistinct agitation, like the scuffling of rats. As CAMERA MOVES IN, we hear an unintelligible whispering and then catch sight of several shadowy figures, emerging into the thin moonlight at the edge of the shrubbery. The LEADER of the GANG, a tow-haired, ill-dressed and prematurely tall youth, is followed reluctantly by the NEW BOY, who seems both younger and rather better dressed than his COMPANIONS, who are relentlessly pushing him forward. It may also be that his accent, or lack of it, picks him out as a newcomer to the community.

THE LEADER
(turning to New Boy)
Go on. You already promised.

NEW BOY
What if she catches me...?

THE LEADER
(laughing)
Then you just tell her you're Jewel Mayhew from down the road and you've come a' lookin' for your po' little ol' husband's head.

NEW BOY
But...

THE LEADER
(contemptuously)
You wanna join the Spiders or don'tcha?

The New Boy hesitates, swallows, nods.

THE LEADER
Then git on in there.

He pushes the New Boy forward.

2ND BOY
Don't forget, it's gotta be somethin' she touched with her own hands.

The New Boy nods dumbly and moves forward. His hard-won resolve is almost shattered by a parting shot from one of the others.

3RD BOY
(sniggering)
Watch out for that cleaver now. She's just liable to chop off your little...

The last words are left unsaid as the 3rd Boy dissolves in a paroxysm of sniggers. The New Boy hesitates, but forces himself on. He goes laggingly up the steps. Approaching one of the windows, he touches it,

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

hesitates, tries it. It won't open. He looks back hopefully, but in turning, he rests his hand on a second window, and it moves open. He stares into the dark inner reaches of the house and it takes another "reminder" from his companions to move him inside.

79 INT. - LIBRARY - THE BOY - NIGHT

The Boy steps into the room. He moves falteringly forward, peering both ahead and behind at every step. He creeps toward the hallway.

80 INT. - LOWER HALLWAY - THE BOY - NIGHT

He emerges from the library, stops to reconnoitre. A dull light shows down the stairs, distant, diffused. He moves in the opposite direction. He stops, regards the threatening doorways, the closed, forbidding doors. Then, hearing a faint metallic "ting", he whirls about. There is nothing. He turns to the door of the music room. He tiptoes into the room, not noticing the tall wing-backed chair adjacent to the table near the window. At the table, the Boy stops to inspect the objects laid out there.

81 CLOSE SHOT - THE TABLE

There is an antique cup and saucer, an open needlework box with a large pair of scissors showing prominently and, in the middle, the music box.

82 RESUME SCENE

With the wing-back chair behind and to one side of him, the Boy reaches out and very carefully raises the lid of the music box. He is immediately assailed by the harpsichord-like notes of the "Sweet Charlotte" song. He tries to close the box again, but the lid seems to stick and in his anxiety he comes down on it heavily with both hands, succeeding in closing the box, but causing the cup and saucer to fall from the edge of the table and shatter on the floor. He steps back, horrified.

83 SHOT OF CHAIR, CHARLOTTE - BOY'S POV

Startled out of her sleep, Charlotte rises swiftly from the chair with her hand outstretched as if seeking reassurance. But to the terrified boy, the gesture must seem to have a much more sinister intention.

84 ANOTHER ANGLE - BOY, CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE

John...?

The Boy screams, runs for the window, and scrambles through.

85 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

Roused, evidently from sleep, she stares confusedly after the Boy, rises to look out the window.

86 EXT. - THE GARDENS - THE BOY - CHARLOTTE'S POV - STAGE

The Boy runs for the hedges, his companions.

87 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

She stares, wondering without real comprehension.

CHARLOTTE
(whispering)
John...?
(then, realizing)
I thought...

She kneels down to the broken cup.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARLOTTE

Kneeling on the floor, she picks up the broken pieces and holds them up into the moonlight. After a moment she rises, puts them on the table. Another moment, and she reaches to the music box, lifts the lid. The music of the "Sweet Charlotte" song is heard -- to be joined after a moment by strident, taunting young voices from outside:

BOYS (O.S.)
(half-singing, half-shouting)
Sweet Charlotte, Oh, Charlotte
Of the sweet, smiling ways.
I counted your graces,
You numbered my days.
My heart's yours to keep
But I can't understand
Where you've hidden my head
Not to mention my hand.

Charlotte moves to the window and stands looking out bewildered and apprehensive. OVERSCENE: There are a couple of wild guffaws and then the sound of running feet, as the boys stampede out of the grounds.

89 EXT./INT. - MUSIC ROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

Charlotte's face, composed but infinitely sad, is seen in CLOSE SHOT as she gazes unseeingly into the night.

FADE IN:

MAIN TITLES

As Titles continue and the cruel taunts from the boys recede into the distance, Charlotte silently and without movement, begins to cry.

FADE OUT MAIN TITLES

SOUND BEFORE VISION

The deafening, mechanical roar of a bulldozer.

90 EXT. - SUMMER FOLLY - NEAR GRAVEYARD - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

A huge, brutal looking bulldozer dominates a scene of heavy equipment and Negro laborers. Now it rears up on the near horizon and charges straight down on CAMERA, which PULLS BACK RAPIDLY to escape being demolished.

CUT TO:

91 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY - STUDIO

She is in bed asleep. Though no longer young, she is an arresting woman, and there clings to her a strong suggestion of the volatile spirit of her youth. The SOUND of the machine from outside causes her to stir fitfully, but she does not come awake.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. - CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The bulldozer, with a loud acceleration, lumbers forward, bears down on the folly, and begins to crush it into matchwood.

93 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

At the increased SOUND from outside, she comes suddenly awake and rises into CLOSE SHOT, her movement similar to the aggressive thrus of the machine. Her eyes are bleared with sleep. Then, as the meaning of the sound comes to her, her face clenches with anger; she turns sharply away.

She gets swiftly out of bed, snatches up an old rifle that stands ready against the bureau. Her wrinkled and voluminous nightgown billowing out behind, she rushes from the room.

94 INT. - LANDING, UPPER HALLWAY - SHOT OF CHARLOTTE - DAY

Carrying the gun, she comes from the room, hurries back along the hall toward the entrance of the front balcony.

95 EXT. - FRONT BALCONY - DAY

Charlotte pauses just outside the door, then crosses to the balustrade. There are a set of ornamental stone urns here, widely separated, not too securely anchored on pedestals. The SOUND of the machine, here is very loud. Charlotte glances out across the gardens.

96 LONG SHOT - THE BULLDOZER, FOREMAN, OPERATOR - CHARLOTTE'S POV

The Foreman stands, hands on hips, watching the progress of the bulldozer.

97 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

She raises the rifle in the direction of the bulldozer.

CHARLOTTE
(vainly against the noise)
You! Get back with that thing! Get off my land, damn you, or I'll shoot!

98 SHOT OF OPERATOR

At the controls of the machine, deafened, impervious.

99 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

Her command disregarded, she raises the gun, aims.

100 FULL SHOT - FOREMAN, LABORERS, MACHINE AND OPERATOR

The Foreman glances up, sees Charlotte and runs for the machine, yelling:

FOREMAN
Stan! Look out! Look out up there! Stan!

101 CLOSE SHOT - OPERATOR

He looks back, puzzled.

102 FULL SHOT - FOREMAN, WORKMEN - OPERATOR'S POV

The Foreman points furiously toward the house, Charlotte. In b.g. the laborers scatter for cover.

103 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

She pulls the trigger, the gun fires loudly.

104 CLOSE SHOT - OPERATOR

As he looks up in Charlotte's direction, the bullet strikes close by, against the machine, ricochets shrilly. Eyes wide, he ducks down, switches off the machine.

105 FULL SHOT - MACHINE OPERATOR, FOREMAN

The Operator jumps down to join the Foreman behind the machine.

OPERATOR
Man, oh man...!

FOREMAN
(he is furious)
That crazy woman! Oh--I'm tellin' you...!

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

After a moment, he edges out to see what Charlotte is doing.

OPERATOR
I wouldn't show myself, I'us you...

106 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

A faint grimace, a slight lift of the gun show that she is still in a mood to fight.

107 LONG SHOT - SCENE BELOW - CHARLOTTE'S POV

The Foreman comes slowly out into the open, moves forward, and comes rapidly toward the terrace directly below.

108 HIGH SHOT - CHARLOTTE, TO INCLUDE FOREMAN ON TERRACE

He arrives on the terrace trembling with suppressed rage.

FOREMAN
What d'you think you're doin' firin' on my man like that!

CHARLOTTE
That's part of my home he's plowing up down there.

FOREMAN
Dammit -- ma'am, you could'a killed him.

109 INT. - UPPER HALLWAY - DAY

VELMA CRUTHER, a pale-eyed, thin-nosed slattern of indeterminate age, arrives hurriedly at the head of the stairs, looks in at the open door of Charlotte's room and hesitates.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
If I'd been aiming to kill him, I would have.

Velma runs for the balcony.

110 EXT. - BALCONY AND TERRACE - DAY

Charlotte is listening impassively to the Foreman's protest.

FOREMAN
Now see here, Miss Hollis, we tried all we could to accommodate you, but this time you've gone too far. We got a bridge to build and roads to lay, we ain't got no more time to fool with you.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

Charlotte presses forward, her hand on one of the old urns, and grins capriciously. Velma appears in the doorway, stops to see what is happening.

CHARLOTTE
Where you are, I could spit right in your eye - no strain at all.

FOREMAN
(uneasily)
Miss Hollis, I ain't in no mood for jokes. I'm going straight into town and see the Sheriff.

CHARLOTTE
I don't care where you go straight to. Just so you go - and take that -
(the machine)
--- and them -
(the men)
with you. Just clear off my property.

111 CLOSE SHOT - BALUSTRADE

A bit of masonry, beneath the urn, comes loose and falls.

112 RESUME SCENE

FOREMAN
(indicating the whole area with a sweeping gesture)
Now Miss Hollis, you know as well as I do, the State of Louisiana requisitioned this whole area - your house included - more'n six months ago.

113 NEW ANGLE - TO INCLUDE VELMA

Velma moves forward cautiously.

CHARLOTTE
(the baffled protest of the disinherited)
Just because some o' fool in Baton Rouge signed a little bitty piece of paper, doesn't make it so. Nobody ever asked <u>me</u> to sign anything; and nobody's going to tear down my house to build a piddling bridge or anything else. So you just get that contraption out of my sight...
(she raises her gun)
...once an' for all.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

FOREMAN (O.S.)
(disgustedly)
I dunno, some folks seem to think they got a natural born right to get away with murder.

Charlotte turns and hurls herself furiously against the urn. The urn begins to list.

114 SHOT OF OPERATOR

He has started forward to join the Foreman. Then, seeing, he stops short and yells.

OPERATOR
Get away from there!

115 SHOT OF FOREMAN

He looks around, turns back fast and looks up.

116 FOREMAN'S POV

Charlotte braces herself against the urn. The urn topples and falls.

117 HIGH ANGLE

The Foreman hightails for the lawn as the urn explodes where he was standing.

118 TWO SHOT - CHARLOTTE AND VELMA

Velma appears, picks up the rifle, while Charlotte looks over the side with a childlike mixture of apprehension and glee.

VELMA
You had your good time for today, didn't you, Missy? Just cool down.

119 EXT. LAWN - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY

The Foreman, white-faced, furious, joins the speechless Operator and turns him around all in one movement.

FOREMAN
I'm going into town. Keep those boys outa sight 'til I get back.

They walk rapidly towards the construction site.

120 EXT. BALCONY - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY

Velma looks off at the departing Foreman.

VELMA
(scornfully)
Now you fixed things for fair, Missy...

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

Charlotte pouts like a self-righteous child.

CHARLOTTE
They were going to tear up the graves -- Papa's grave...

Charlotte allows herself to be led away like a child.

VELMA
They wasn't within a hundred feet of them graves. Anyhow, if they're fixin' to tear down the whole house I don't see what difference plowin' up the grounds is going to make.

They pass through the balcony doors.

121 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - CHARLOTTE - VELMA - DAY

They move in from the balcony.

VELMA
They offered to move your Daddy's remains. You should of let em... They can't do him any harm now. You get on in there and get yourself quietened down.

Velma follows Charlotte into the bedroom.

122 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Charlotte turns at the doorway and with a look of childlike craftiness, suddenly moves to snatch at the gun. But Velma is too quick for her and turns away.

VELMA
Oh no, Missy. Not again. You've done enough for one day.

Charlotte turns away crossly as Velma moves towards the closet.

CHARLOTTE
I haven't done anything.

Velma opens the closet and, with her free hand, takes down a white dress.

VELMA
(affectionately ironic)
Oh no, you ain't done nothin' at all. Ever since you was a little-bitty girl I never known you to let loose with some deviltry without you say "I ain't done nothin'." Now it ain't goin' to be but a half hour before that Sheriff comes out
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

VELMA (CONT'D)
here. You put on that dress and see if you can't make yourself look like the lady you are, and Velma'll go down and fix you some breakfast.

She lays the dress on the bed and starts to move away.

CHARLOTTE
You don't know that. You don't know that the Sheriff is going to come out here.

Velma pauses in the doorway.

VELMA
You think not, huh? Well you just set there and wait for him. You'll see.

As Velma leaves, Charlotte moves reluctantly to pick up the dress, realizing that Velma is very probably right.

CUT TO:

123 OMITTED

124 OMITTED

125 INT. - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HOLLISPORT - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - SHERIFF LUKE STANDISH a moderate, easy-going man, of whom one has the impression that his main interests in life lie outside of his job, which merely serves to provide his bread and butter, swings around in his swivel chair to face CAMERA.

126 TWO SHOT

He picks up the bundle of documents and hands them back across the table with a gesture of friendly negligence to HARRY WILLS, an elderly, benign little gentleman, whose English clothes might seem a little conservative even in the city of London.

SHERIFF
I'm not too much worried about examining your credentials, Mr. Wills. I'll be happy to go along with anything you say. I just have my doubts about what you can expect to find... We've had newsmen and all kinds coming here for thirty-five years and more, but they ain't none of them any the wiser.

HARRY
Well, I don't expect to unearth anything very extraordinary. After all... there is nothing very unusual in an unclaimed insurance policy. But I wouldn't like to upset anybody; so if you would go along with my little masquerade of being a reporter from one of our more esoteric crime magazines, I'd be most awfully obliged to you.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

OVERSCENE: The SOUND of a Pickup Truck arriving fast and pulling up hard. The Sheriff glances out of the window and turns back to Wills with a friendly, but faintly ironic smile.

SHERIFF
Well now, Mr. Wills, if you've come to see us all the way from London, England, I guess we'll just have to accommodate you - esoteric magazines and all.

HARRY
That really is most awfully good of you. I do hate to make a nuisance of myself.

There is a brief knock at the door and the agitated foreman bursts in.

FOREMAN
I'm sorry Mr. Standish -- you're going to have to come out to the Hollis place. We've got real trouble this time.

SHERIFF
(casually unperturbed)
Oh... ?

The harassed Foreman hovers impatiently in the doorway as the Sheriff slowly rises.

DISSOLVE TO:

127 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Still wearing her dressing gown, Charlotte sits at her dressing table, distractedly brushing her hair.

OVERSCENE: The sound of an approaching car.

Charlotte gets up quickly and crosses to the window.

128 CHARLOTTE'S POV

A car with the distinctive markings of the Sheriff's Office is coming up the drive.

129 RESUME SCENE

Charlotte turns, hurries to the door, unlocks it and calls out.

CHARLOTTE
Velma...! Velma, you know what to do.

She goes on out to look over the banisters.

130 EXT. DRIVE AND FRONT VERANDA - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

The Sheriff and the Foreman get out of the car.

FOREMAN
(hesitantly)
You want I should come with you?

SHERIFF
(mildly amused)
You don't need to be afraid. She's not really crazy, she just acts that way 'cos folks seem to expect it of her.
(chuckles)
You can wait in the car.

He turns and heads towards the front door.

131 INT. HALL AND FRONT DOOR - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Velma is already crossing the hall and reaches the door only moments after the Sheriff has knocked. She flings the door open and begins to speak without waiting for the Sheriff's polite greeting.

VELMA
You cain't see her. She's sick. That dust and racket from your machine's made her sick.

132 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Charlotte is hiding at the side of the stairs, listening anxiously and gripping the rifle.

VELMA (O.S.)
She's waitin' for Doctor Drew to come and tend her right now.

133 RESUME SCENE

The Sheriff cranes forward unobtrusively as if to see in.

SHERIFF
(friendly, unflustered)
Well, that's too bad 'cos there's a small matter of an unlicensed gun, and I was hoping Miss Hollis could maybe help me to find it.

He steps forward as if to enter the house.

134 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

As she listens, Charlotte's apprehension turns to anger.

SHERIFF (O.S. CONT'D.)
I reckon I'll just have to look around for it myself, Miss Cruther.

Charlotte steps out of hiding.

CHARLOTTE
You stay out of here!

She moves forward.

135 CHARLOTTE'S POV

Velma has moved to bar the Sheriff's way, and he now looks up at CAMERA and manages to contrive an expression of mild surprise and pleasure.

SHERIFF
Mornin', Miss Charlotte. You feelin' better?

136 GROUP SHOT

As Charlotte advances the Sheriff steps forward closing the front door behind him.

CHARLOTTE
Now you listen to me, Luke Standish, you smirking Judas, coming in here with your sly tricks. You should be ashamed of yourself. My father gave you the first job you ever had in this town. If it weren't for him you wouldn't be Sheriff nor anything else.

SHERIFF
(smoothly unperturbed)
I know that, Miss Charlotte, that's why I'm trying to help you.

CHARLOTTE
(explosively)
Help me!?

SHERIFF
Miss Charlotte, you had orders to leave this house long ago. If I'd been doing my job you'd be gone now.

CHARLOTTE
Then if you're so anxious to help me, why don't you just clear off and leave me alone. And tell 'em to stop threatening me with cutting off the water and electricity and all.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

SHERIFF
I can't, Miss. What you did today puts it right out of my hands... Threatening people's one thing, but shooting at them's another, Miss Charlotte. I got orders now to see that you're gone within ten days. They can hold back with the blasting they got to do, and have the men and equipment work on the approach road 'tother side of the river. But if you ain't gone by end of next week the County Commissioner's going to have you up for criminal action.

CHARLOTTE
But this is my home; I don't have anywhere else to go; they could have built their silly bridge anywhere.

SHERIFF
No, Ma'm, they had to build it to meet up with the road on the other side. There ain't any alternative. End of next week this house is coming down.

CHARLOTTE
I'm not going to argue with you. You just wait 'til my cousin Miriam comes, she'll know how to deal with that Commissioner and all those fancy government people.

SHERIFF
(mildly surprised)
I didn't know you were expecting her back.

CHARLOTTE
Well, I am.

SHERIFF
Maybe she'll be able to help you find somewhere suitable. But I'm afraid she won't make a scrap of difference as far's the bridge is concerned.

CHARLOTTE
(petulantly)
We'll just see about that.

SHERIFF
(sighing as he starts to turn away)
Yeah, I guess we will. Now I'm not going to take that gun from you, Miss Charlotte, but I certainly hope you're not going to use it again; coming in here to fetch you out's the last thing I'd want to do.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED (2)

CHARLOTTE
Then don't try.

Charlotte opens the door, shows him out and slams the door behind him.

137 TWO SHOT

Charlotte turns to face a scornful look from Velma.

VELMA
What you want to go telling him stories about Miss Miriam for. She ain't even answered your letters.

CHARLOTTE
(defiantly)
Well, she's coming, anyway.

VELMA
(contemptuously)
Be the saddest day of your life, Missy, if she does come. Your cousin Miriam never had but one idea in her head an' that was lookin' out for herself. She ain't goin' to come, and if she did it'd only be to take what she can get.

A look of sad defeat comes into Charlotte's face and she turns away.

CHARLOTTE
(as if to herself)
She'll come... she'll have to... she's kin... she's <u>got</u> to come...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

138 EXT. - ROAD NEAR MAYHEW MANOR - DAY - LOCATION

A TAXI moves towards CAMERA along the luxuriantly tree-lined country road.

139 INT. TAXI - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - LOCATION

CLOSER SHOT: Leaning forward with an occasional, wistful smile of recognition for the familiar landmarks of her childhood is MIRIAM DEERING, a glowingly handsome woman, who dresses with a European flavor and a dramatic flair that has just the right touch of the theatrical to set off the generous warmth of her mature beauty. Her musings are interrupted.

DRIVER (O.S.)
I guess there's been a whole heap of changes - this part of the country since you was last here, Miss.

Miriam looks up.

140 TWO SHOT

When Miriam speaks, her urbanely cosmopolitan tones are in marked contrast to the local accent of the elderly, tooth-sucking, DRIVER at the wheel.

MIRIAM
(detached)
I imagine there would have been.

DRIVER
(unconscious of contradicting himself)
Course, things ain't changed much in this Parish... exceptin' folks are a lot older than they used t'be.

MIRIAM
(pleasantly)
None of us gets any younger.

They drive on with the Driver shaking his head as he marvels at the phenomenon of the passage of time. Miriam's attention is drawn to something O.S.

141 EXT. - ROADSIDE - MAYHEW GATES - DAY - LOCATION

The gates are imposing, almost monumental and bear gleaming metal plaques announcing: MAYHEW MANOR. The gates open onto a drive that is canopied by twin rows of interlocking oaks. As the taxi approaches, a small MOVING VAN emerges precipitously and, turning too widely, blocks the taxi's path. The Driver, cursing softly under his breath, pulls to one side and stops.

142 INT. /EXT. - TAXI AND ROAD - DAY - LOCATION

As the Van extricates itself and pulls round, we see the identification of its side: EDMUND'S GALLERY AND AUCTION ROOMS. The Finest in Fine Antiques.

DRIVER
You remember Mrs. Mayhew, don't you, Miss. Sure...

He stops short as if aware of having committed an indiscretion. Miriam gazes out of the window and the Driver's delight in gossip overcomes his fear of being indiscreet.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Looks like Jewel Mayhew's turnin' loose some of her famous antiques. Wonder
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

DRIVER (CONT.)
what for? Couldn't be the money, ah reckon she's got more'n enough of that.

MIRIAM
(concerned)
I hope you're wrong - the Mayhews used to have one of the finest collections in the South.

As the Driver glances into the mirror and the car moves on, Miriam turns to look back.

CUT TO:

143 EXT. - DRIVE, TERRACE AND FRONT DOOR - MAYHEW MANOR - DAY - LOCATION

MED. CLOSE SHOT - TWO REMOVALS MEN pass through FRAME carrying a large, richly ornate mirror with its back to CAMERA. They move out of FRAME to reveal the pitifully frail figure of JEWEL MAYHEW standing near the front door. Time and some deep, inner misery have burnt their marks into her face and posture. Supporting herself on a stick, she watches the removal of her most precious possessions with an expression of infinite sadness that is touched with a disturbing hint of angry resolve. Rapping her stick on the ground as if to contain her anger, she turns on her heel and walks slowly into the house, unable to watch more.

DISSOLVE:

144 OMITTED

145 OMITTED

146 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT: A doctor's black Gladstone bag on the edge of the bed. We get a glimpse of the usual medical paraphernalia before a pair of hands move into FRAME to snap the bag shut.

147 TWO SHOT

DREW BAYLISS, a handsome, middle-aged professional man with a gentle, slightly seedy look about him. The basically hard core of his characters shows itself only on those rare occasions when either his pride or basic self-interest are threatened. Charlotte sits on the bed with her feet tucked up under her. She is wearing her dressing gown.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

DREW
(preparing to leave)
Charlotte, there really isn't any point in getting yourself upset the way you did this morning. Anyone who knew you less well than I do might be forgiven for thinking that you had a persecution complex. They've been asking you to leave this house because they're going to tear it down - not for any of the ulterior motives that you seem to imagine.

Charlotte looks up at him with the closed, doubtin[illegible]n of a suspicious child.

OVERSCENE: The SOUND of an approaching [illegible]

Drew is already moving towards the door.

CHARLOTTE
(in sudden fright)
What's that?

DREW
(turning back with a sigh)
Now Charlotte, I just told you, don't get so tense about everything. It's probably just someone who saw [illegible]car in the drive.

He starts toward the door again.

OVERSCENE: The taxi has now drawn up and there's a firm knock at the front door.

CHARLOTTE
(with immediate conviction)
It's Miriam!

DREW
(wearily patient)
Charlotte, she's not due until late tomorrow.

147A EXT. ROADSIDE NEAR HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

Miriam's taxi approaches CAMERA and starts to turn into the drive.

147B INT. TAXI - DRIVE - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

We catch a far view of Hollis House through the trees.

147C CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

She gazes towards the house.

MIRIAM
I never though I'd see all this again.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Good to be back, huh?

Miriam is too preoccupied with her thoughts to give him a direct reply.

MIRIAM
(as if to herself)
I wonder... They say that places you knew as a child always seem smaller than your memory of them.

147D EXT. DRIVE - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

The taxi stops in front of the porch and the driver gets out to open the door for Miriam.

148 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT: Wearing her usual expression of profound suspicion. Velma is just opening the front door. She betrays one of her rare moments of surprise.

149 EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOLLIS HOUSE

TWO SHOT: Miriam is only briefly thrown by Velma's unrewarding reaction and quickly breaks into a warm smile.

MIRIAM
Velma! Velma Cruther!

She makes as if to move forward, but Velma remains sullen and unforthcoming. The taxi driver appears with two bags to interrupt Miriam's moment of embarrassment.

DRIVER
You want me to bring these in?

MIRIAM
Oh thank you, just put them up there.

She indicates the porch and starts to reach for her purse, looking up at the house as she does so.

149A MIRIAM'S POV

CAMERA takes in the veranda and balconies of the magnificent facade.

149B CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

She gazes up at the house in awe.

MIRIAM
(slowly to herself)
It's not true - time diminishes nothing...
It's just as I left it...

149C TWO SHOT

The driver comes back towards the car.

MIRIAM
What do I owe you?

DRIVER
That'll be two dollars and fifty cents, ma'am.

Miriam starts to reach to her purse and looks back up at the house as she does so. Miriam reaches into her purse. Her hand comes away from the purse with some dollar bills and is arrested in mid-air as she reacts to what she sees.

149D MIRIAM'S POV

Charlotte looks down at CAMERA as if unable to move. She twists her braided hair in embarrassment, and suddenly becoming aware both of her condition and of being observed, she takes fright and scurries away without a sound.

149E RESUME SCENE

Miriam lets her eyes fall and slowly regains her composure as she hands the driver his money.

MIRIAM
(absently)
Keep the change.

DRIVER
Thank you, ma'am.

149F MED. SHOT

Miriam starts towards the porch and Velma, who has still made no effort to greet her.

MIRIAM
(contrite)
I know. I'm a day early. I do hope it won't inconvenience anybody.

Velma maintains her sullen silence.

150 NEW ANGLE

Drew appears at the head of the stairs and looks down into the hall with an expression of genuine surprise and pleasure.

DREW
Miriam!

He starts to run down the stairs.

151 thru 156 OMITTED

157 ANOTHER ANGLE

Velma, b.g., watches with jaundiced eye as Drew puts his hands on Miriam's shoulders, holds her, as if to give her a thorough examination.

DREW
I can't believe it. You -- you look marvelous!

MIRIAM
What is it you can't believe, Drew? That I'm here -- or that I look the way I do?

DREW
(laughing)
Don't make fun of an old man. You know I never was any good at expressing myself.

Miriam, despite Velma's eyes on them, impulsively leans forward, kisses him on the cheek and then pulls back to smile at him appraisingly.

MIRIAM
(teasing)
Oh, that's not so at all, Drew. You were always very quick with your compliments - it was just your intentions that were sometimes a little vague.

Drew's smile becomes a trifle shamefaced. Miriam, watching him, nods -- as if his reaction confirms her words. Then she half-turns, allows her eyes to inspect this house she hasn't seen in so long, this house in which as a girl she had good times -- as well as bad; she contemplates it with certain affection, yet as from a distance.

MIRIAM
You've changed, Drew. I don't mean that the wrong way. It's just that, perhaps youth never really suited you.

Velma interrupts with characteristic insolence.

VELMA
You all, want this stuff upstairs?

DREW
Just a minute. I'll give you a hand.

Miriam registers Velma's old insolence, and Drew's docile acceptance of it, with faint amusement.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

DREW
You'll want to see Charlotte.

MIRIAM
I think I already did. Won't she be coming down?

Drew takes her arm and lowers his voice to a confidential tone.

DREW
It might be better if we went up. She's a bit upset. There was a little trouble here this morning.
(at her quick look)
Nothing serious; and of course, you took us by surprise. We weren't expecting you until tomorrow.

MIRIAM
Yes, there was a mix-up. I had to take an earlier plane... What kind of trouble?

DREW
(aware of Velma)
Just plain, blind stubborn -- with her money she could live anywhere in the world. But - as it is...
(shrugs)
I'm afraid you'll have more than your hands full getting her out of this place.

He turns away. As Miriam starts to follow him across the hall, she still reacts to the house; her eyes fall on the swooping bannister and, with amused affection, she allows her hand to fall on the newel post.

MIRIAM
Remember those rainy afternoons -- the three of us would slide down this. Races.
(still proud of this, reckless)
I was the champion.

DREW
(laughs)
We just <u>let</u> you win because you were the youngest.

Miriam removes her gloved hand, sees it is soiled with grime.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (2)

MIRIAM
(sympathetically)
These old houses are terribly difficult to keep clean.

Velma, who has been waiting at the foot of the stairs, is quick to take offense.

VELMA
If you can get anybody out from town to work in this place, you'll be doing a lot better than I can, Missy.

MIRIAM
(sympathetically)
Don't misunderstand me, Velma. I understand the situation perfectly. It must be exhausting having to work out here all on your own.

But Velma takes no more kindly to sympathy than she does to criticism. She grunts disgustedly and starts out for the other bags.

VELMA
There's more bags out there.

Drew smiles at Miriam, winks: 'you'll just have to bear with us.'

158 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - HOLLIS HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Charlotte feverishly adjusts the attractive but rather old-fashioned dress that she has just changed into.

OVERSCENE: The sound of Velma clumping upstairs followed by Drew and Miriam.

Leaving the dress partly unbuttoned, Charlotte dashes over to the dressing-table and hurriedly starts trying to fix her hair. There is a brief knock at the door.

MIRIAM (O.S.)
Charlotte, darling -- it's Miriam.

The door opens and Miriam steps into the room, without waiting for a reply.

159 NEW ANGLE

Assessing the situation at a glance -- the untidy room, the unmade bed -- Miriam tactfully ignores everything but Charlotte.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

MIRIAM
Charlotte!...How good it was, getting your letter asking me to come --

Mastering her moment of hesitation and anxiety, Charlotte crosses quickly toward Miriam, who already moves forward to meet her. They embrace and kiss -- with honest emotion -- then part, without ever quite letting go of each other. Miriam's embrace is the warmer--

CHARLOTTE
(excitedly)
I knew you'd come. I just knew you would. And you're going to help me aren't you.

MIRIAM
Of course. I'll do whatever I can.

She gazes at Charlotte in wonder.

MIRIAM
I've thought of you, of the house -- it's, it's -- like coming home.

Still holding her hairbrush, Charlotte becomes awkwardly aware of being unprepared, of the chaotic state of the room. Her enthusiasm dissipates itself.

CHARLOTTE
But everything's such a terrible mess. And I wasn't expecting you 'til tomorrow.

MIRIAM
Don't worry. Please. We're together again. That's the important thing.

CHARLOTTE
(uncertainly)
Yes...I suppose -- I suppose it is.

She steps back, swiping absently at her hair with the brush; Miriam removes her gloves, surveys the room with remembrance of the pleasanter times they had together.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)

MIRIAM
'Miss Charlotte's room'!... Remember -- the night you taught me to smoke my first cigarette -- you'd stolen 'em --
(laughs)
-- the lights out, huddled nose to nose --
(indicates bed)
-- and you, or was it I -- set the drapes on fire -- !
(laughs, an undertone of bitterness)
I was the one they whopped; I know that.

Miriam takes a bed sheet in her hand; but Charlotte, embarrassed and from that, irritable, almost angry, pulls the sheet out of her hand.

CHARLOTTE
No... It's Velma's job.

MIRIAM
Yes. Of course. But then Velma is -- well -- is Velma..

She looks down at her hand which holds one side of the sheet, and Charlotte's which is clenched at the other. She starts to laugh. Charlotte looks at her with anxious bewilderment.

MIRIAM
(registering Charlotte's anxiety)
I'm sorry... It's just that...
(still giggling)
-- we haven't seen each other in over thirty years, you'd think we'd have other things to talk about... I mean, arguing about who's going to make up the bed.

Charlotte joins with Miriam's renewed laughter, cautiously at first and then with increasing abandon.

CUT TO:

160 INT. - LOWER HALLWAY - HOLLIS HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Drew and Velma have come down the stairs from depositing Miriam's bags, and are about to go their separate ways; Drew to the library and Velma to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

VELMA
If y'awl want me to fix your supper, you better eat early, I gotta get home.

DREW
(smiling ironically)
Why thank you, Velma. Is that an invitation?

VELMA
(ignoring his sarcasm)
No, I just reckoned you'd be sniffing around here more'n usual now Miss Miriam is back.

Velma stalks off towards the kitchen, leaving Drew to watch her retreating back with a mixture of anger and anxiety.

DISSOLVE:

161 INT. - DINING ROOM - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

The room is gloomy, and in a state of marked disuse. There is candlelight and much tarnished silver. The table is awkwardly large for just three diners.

Charlotte at the head of the table is dressed for the occasion; she has on a dinner gown of the kind that must have come from Paris in the late 20's. Miriam has changed to a dress, very Italian, very chic, and exceedingly becoming. Drew, dressed as last seen, stands replenishing Charlotte's depleted champagne glass. She is in a mood of determined gaiety.

CHARLOTTE
(smiling warmly)
Why thank you, sir.

Drew takes the bottle and starts the long trek back to his seat, whilst Charlotte sips appreciatively at her champagne. Miriam toys with her glass and watches Charlotte warily.

CHARLOTTE
(suddenly pleased with life)
I just can't remember when we last dined in this room.

She looks lovingly around the room, apparently unaware of its dilapidation.

CHARLOTTE
Poppa used to say it was his favorite room. I guess maybe that was because he loved to eat so much.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
(with sudden enthusiasm)
Miriam, when all this nonsense is straightened out, we could have parties here again.

Miriam and Drew exchange a glance that is caught by Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
(defiantly)
Well, why not? Nothin's impossible about that.

DREW
(gently)
It would be nice. But aren't you forgetting? The time limit they've set on -- vacating the house? You have to be out of here by next Monday. No two ways about that.

Charlotte turns on him impatiently.

CHARLOTTE
Drew, you carry on as if you were a member of the Department of Roads and Bridges. Miriam will tell them where to get off, won't you, cousin, darlin'.

MIRIAM
I wish it were only a question of telling someone, anyone, where to get off.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

DREW
Charlotte, you've just got to understand. There's nothing, absolutely nothing, that Miriam or anyone else can do about it now. They are going to tear down this house and that's final.

CHARLOTTE
Drew, you're so stuffy. They took their smelly old equipment away, didn't they?

Drew is about to protest, but Charlotte ignores him.

CHARLOTTE
Miriam isn't going to be frightened off by a bunch of crooked politicians in Baton Rouge.
(darkly)
It wouldn't surprise me one bit if she found out Jewel Mayhew was behind all this.

DREW
Really, Charlotte -- that's ridiculous.

CHARLOTTE
(turning on him firecely)
Is it? You notice they're not laying a finger on her land. It's all right to destroy my house, but they're not touching hers.

She turns back to Miriam, confident that Miriam has the solution to all her problems.

CHARLOTTE
You can go tomorrow. I'll rent a car for you.

MIRIAM
(smiles, humors her)
Go? Go where?

CHARLOTTE
To Baton Rouge. To put that damned County Commissioner straight.

Miriam sets down her glass.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (3)

MIRIAM
There's almost nothing I wouldn't do for you. You must know that. But I'm afraid Drew's right -- Charlotte, there isn't anything we can do about the house... You have to leave.

Charlotte presses herself back in her chair, the last vestiges of her good mood rapidly evaporating.

CHARLOTTE
What do you thing I brought you back here for -- company? I thought you were going to help me!

MIRIAM
But I shall. That's why I came. To help. To be with you.

CHARLOTTE
(explosively)
To be with me!
(a bitter laugh)
I've had to live alone here ever since Poppa died. The only people I ever see are Drew, who comes in now and again when he feels like it just to see if I'm still alive, and a whole bunch of sniggering idiots, who come out here to make fun of me. D'you really think that after thirty years of that I'd have called you back just to see your stupid face!

Drew intervenes.

DREW
Charlotte, please! She's only trying to give you a helpin' hand.

CHARLOTTE
(turning on him)
Oh, yes. I can see that. She's just breaking her back, isn't she.
(spitting her words at Miriam)
God, do you have gratitude! When your precious Poppa died, you came to this house looking like it wasn't good enough for you. After where you came from - your mama some sorry up-North waitress.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (4)

DREW
(rising)
Now Charlotte -- that's enough!

MIRIAM
(disdainfully dignified)
It's all right, Drew, let her talk. Insulting me seems to give her some kind of satisfaction.

CHARLOTTE
My poppa took you in and carried you downtown to buy you a whole new outfit. Does it insult you to remember that?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (5)

MIRIAM
I remember. Your poor, up-North cousin was taken downtown for --
(grim amused, quotes Charlotte's words:)
-- 'a whole new outfit'...Down where there was a sale. Bargains.
(like a whip)
Some sleazy store you wouldn't even set foot in!

CHARLOTTE
So that wasn't good enough for you, eh? Perhaps we didn't give you enough. Is that what you've come back for -- to take the rest of Poppa's money?

Miriam is recovering her composure by sheer force of will. Hearing her icy, controlled retort, Drew starts to sit down again.

MIRIAM
You seem to forget I've had to sacrifice valuable time to come here. I have a job - a career of my own.

CHARLOTTE
(loading every word with vicious innuendo)
No doubt. What did you call it -- "public relations"? It sounds like a nice word for something pretty dirty.

DREW
Charlotte!!

He jumps to his feet and starts towards her. Miriam is dangerously calm.

MIRIAM
(slowly, incisively)
The dirt, Charlotte, is entirely in your own mind. I wouldn't dwell on it, if I were you.

Charlotte has risen, as if to ward off Drew.

DREW
Miriam didn't come here to be insulted.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (6)

CHARLOTTE
No? Most likely she came to help Jewel Mayhew drive me out of my home?

Drew takes her arm as if to lead her from the room.

DREW
Charlotte, you can't mean that.

CHARLOTTE
(pulling away from him)
But why wouldn't Miriam conspire against me with Jewel? Who was it went sneaking off to Jewel and told her about me and her husband in the first place?

She registers Drew's horrified astonishment.

CHARLOTTE
Ha, you didn't know about that, did you?
(to Miriam)
That's something you never told your precious boy-friend.

Drew looks to Miriam for a denial, already beginning to fear that he won't get it. There is a moment of silence whilst Miriam struggles with herself, then abandons self-control:

MIRIAM
Yes, I told Jewel - and I told your father, too. After all, I was little more than a child then and all I ever had in this house were people telling me how lucky I was, and your father always favoring you and holding you up as an example. So why wouldn't I tell your father that his pure darling girl was having a dirty, little affair with a married man.

CHARLOTTE
You vicious little tramp.

MIRIAM
(aggressive; defensive)
How was I to know it would end with murder -- with John being butchered.

She falls silent, realizing that she has gone too far and fearing Charlotte's reaction. For a moment it really seems that Charlotte will crack, but then she merely laughs with diabolic pleasure at having found another opening.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (7)

CHARLOTTE
No, you couldn't have known that. But even if you had it wouldn't have stopped you. So you just cut your own throat, 'cos when it all came out, Drew was so pathetically terrified of having his 'fine old name' linked with ours, he walked out on you -- jilted you.

There is a moment of silence. All passion spent, Charlotte seems suddenly to have lost her train of thought and in doing so, to have stumbled upon some simple, unbearable truth.

CHARLOTTE
(brokenly)
Only... only now Drew's still here... and you've both lived all these years... and John... John never even...

Bursting into a cry of tortured anguish, she turns and flees from the room. Drew watches after her for a moment and then returns to Miriam, who has sunk, ashen-faced, into her chair.

MIRIAM
She's deranged, Drew. She must be.

DREW
Well, no. She's certainly worse than when I last wrote you, but not to the extent where she could be committed.

He sits down close to Miriam and puts out a hand to touch her arm.

DREW
I'm sorry. There are times when she genuinely doesn't know what she's saying.

Miriam gazes at Drew with calm reproach, and withdraws her hand.

MIRIAM
Doesn't she? I thought she described the way you left me rather accurately.

Drew gazes at her solemnly, as if weighing up all that he has heard.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (8)

DREW
(quietly)
If it's any comfort -- I've spent a lifetime regretting that I ever let you go.

She manages a wry smile.

MIRIAM
(ironic)
Sweet comfort!
(quietly)
We don't have time for regrets now, Drew. Only a little time to try and salvage something for ourselves.

She starts to get up.

CUT TO:

162 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

The room is in darkness. Charlotte is briefly silhouetted against the light from the hall as she enters the room and slams the door.

CUT TO:

163 EXT. - SIDE VERANDA - NIGHT - STUDIO

Drew and Miriam move to the balustrade and look out into the night.

MIRIAM
What a shame, with all that money, she could have done such wonderful things with this place. It might have been made so beautiful again.
(wonderingly)
How could she possibly stand being alone here all these years...?

DREW
People who are obliged to live alone have a habit of creating company for themselves -- and innocent fancies can become fixed delusions. I think she never fully accepted John Mayhew's death -- or at least part of her mind hasn't. Sometimes she speaks of him as if he were still alive -- here in this house...as if she could still feel his personality. She plays that old harpsichord -- the song he wrote for her. Often she sits up at night, dressed -- as if she were still young and expecting a beau.

Miriam looks at Drew with an ironic smile.

MIRIAM
I seem to remember expecting something like that once myself.

She moves away and Drew follows her.

CUT TO:

164 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - STUDIO

Charlotte is standing by the window, looking out. She has that same, sad, half-expectant expression we saw under the Main Titles.

CUT TO:

165 INT. - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT - STUDIO

Drew and Miriam arrive at the front door.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

DREW
Are you going to be all right here? I could stay over...

MIRIAM
You've been content to let me get along on my own all these years, I don't think another night or two is going to kill me.

DREW
I guess you're right. Maybe you ought to have this.

Drew turns to his doctor's bag on an adjacent table, opens it and produces a small revolver.

MIRIAM
What on earth for?

DREW
(embarrassed)
Well, you never know... You do get people skulking around here occasionally... Anyway, you may as well have it.

Miriam shrugs. He opens the drawer of the table and puts the gun inside.

MIRIAM
Thank you...

She opens the door, kisses him lightly, bows him out before he can make anything more of the gesture.

MIRIAM
...and goodnight.

DREW
(a look)
Goodnight.

He goes. Miriam closes the door and stands for a moment looking up the stairs. Then she moves back along the hall.

166 INT. - MUSIC ROOM - SHOT OF MIRIAM - NIGHT

OVERSCENE: The sound of Drew's car departing.

Miriam enters, crosses to the open door to the terrace. She starts to close it, then pauses to look outside.

167 EXT. - THE GARDENS, THE GRAVEYARD - NIGHT - MIRIAM'S POV

OVERSCENE: The sound of the car dies away to nothing.

There is a shifting of shadows, perhaps a furtive, moving figure. The headstones stand out whitely in the dimness.

168 RETURN TO MIRIAM

Slowly, with a frown, she closes the door, locks it and moves back across the room to turn out the light.

169 INT. - ENTRY - SHOT OF MIRIAM - NIGHT

Miriam goes to the stairs, starts up, then stops thoughtfully. Crossing back to the table, she opens the drawer, takes out the gun and returns to the stairs.

CUT TO:

170 INT. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM

OVERSCENE: A sound on the stairs. Charlotte turns away from the window to listen.

CUT TO:

171 INT. LANDING - SHOT OF MIRIAM - NIGHT

Miriam leaves the stairs, looks toward Charlotte's door, stops. She makes a move toward the door, but then stops again, and after a moment continues to her own room.

CUT TO:

172 INT. - MIRIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - STUDIO

Miriam enters and crosses to the windows to open them. A light breeze flutters the curtains. Miriam returns and her attention is caught by something at the opposite end of the room.

173 SHOT OF ARMOIRE - MIRIAM'S POV

The door, which was partly open, is caught by the breeze; it starts to open.

174 CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

Watching, she shows at first disbelief, then horror.

175 SHOT OF ARMOIRE, DINNER DRESS

The dress has been ripped to shreds, slashed again and again by some sharp instrument.

176 CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

Her horror grows. She looks toward the door and the dark hallway as if fearful she may see someone there.

DISSOLVE TO:

177 INT. - OFFICE HOLLISPORT NEWS - DAY - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT: Beneath the scare headling "Gruesome Mutilation Murder" appears the sub-heading "Parts of Body Missing." There are pictures of John Mayhew, Charlotte, Miriam, and Big Sam. Publication date is May 3, 1927.

A hand moves in and lifts the paper aside to reveal a second paper and the heading "Socialite Love Triangle Bared." This time the picture of John and Charlotte are joined by one of Jewel Mayhew, a handsome but rather forbidding young woman.

As CAMERA pulls up and back, we see that the hand is that of BLAKE, the Editor, the shirt-sleeved, bespectacled working journalist owner of the newspaper.

EDITOR
Yes, that was just about the biggest story that ever broke in this town.

He starts to pull out another paper, with yet another banner headline.

178 NEW ANGLE

Harry Willis looks down to the collection of back numbers, evidently faintly amused by their flamboyant terminology.

HARRY
Yes, I can see that it was given what you might call the full treatment.

EDITOR
Well we couldn't very well bury it on the society page. Anyway, help yourself. I guess you'll find everything you need there.
(pointing to yet another edition)
That's a pretty good picture of Miss Charlotte.

HARRY
(examining picture)
Yes... I was working for the press when she arrived in London, you know. But none of us ever succeeded in interviewing her.

EDITOR
They said Big Sam sent her over there to prevent her being charged and tried, but that wasn't so. Sending her out of the country wouldn't have helped. I reckon his political connections had more to do with it; because as I remember it, the district attorney tried hard enough to make a charge stick but the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

EDITOR (CONT'D)
whole business was transferred to Baton Rouge and I guess Sam's friends in the capitol must have gotten busy because nothing ever did come of it. I think lack of evidence was the official explanation.

HARRY
(smiling)
You wouldn't think so from your headlines.

He turns back to re-examine the back numbers that have been laid out on the desk. As the Editor starts to move away, the door bursts open and PAUL MARCHAND, a jarringly aggressive Northern journalist, with the manners and speech of a typical pulp magazine journalist, comes in. He addresses the Editor without waiting for introductions.

PAUL
Hi, Mr. Blake. Are you running anything on the return of Miriam Deering?

It is evident that the Editor has little time for Paul, whom he considers a brash, ill-mannered Yankee.

EDITOR
(coolly)
Just an insert in the social column.

PAUL
(explosively)
The social column! You've got to be kidding!

Blithely ignoring the Editor's offended reaction, Paul suddenly becomes aware of Harry and the back numbers that he has been examining. He glances at the Editor with a mixture of suspicion and distrust. Harry smiles quietly to himself and the Editor suddenly remembers his social obligations.

EDITOR
Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Wills, this is a colleague of yours, Mr. Marchand from New York.

HARRY
(politely formal)
How do you do.

Immediately suspicious and hostile, Paul either ignores or is unaware of Harry's extended hand.

PAUL
Yeah? Who are you covering this story for?

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY
Oh that's all right, I can assure you that my status is of an entirely amateur nature.

Paul grunts, but his suspicions are not yet allayed and without troubling to ask anyone's permission, he starts to root amongst the back numbers to see if there is anything he has missed. Harry watches him with a faintly amused expression.

HARRY
What journal is it that you represent, Mr. Marchand?

PAUL
"Crimes of Passion" and "Century Crime Classics." That Hollis dame hit the news again over the business with that bridge. We're doing a special issue. Here...

He pulls a garish pulp magazine from his pocket and drops it on the table in front of Harry.

179 INSERT

The magazine's blurb reads: House of Blood, sub-headed: Secrets of a Night of Horror -- A Threat of Discovery. The illustration includes a representation of Hollis House, a headless ghost dripping with gore, and an old photo of Charlotte, tabbed: Jezebel, Murderess or Martyr? At the bottom: STORY ON PAGE 22.

180 RESUME SCENE

Harry picks up the magazine gingerly and examines the ghastly cover with a distaste that he is too well bred to express in words.

HARRY
(distantly)
Hmm, very colorful.

PAUL
Yeah, we're really going to town on this one.
(he looks accusingly at the Editor and indicates the back numbers)
Hey, you never showed me these.

The Editor shrugs, but makes no attempt to justify his omission. Harry has moved away discreetly to look out of the window. The Editor joins him, and seeing something OFFSCREEN, silently draws Harry's attention to it.

181 INT./EXT. - THE STREET - HOLLISPORT - DAY - STUDIO

Miriam's rented car has just pulled up at a meter on the other side of the street, and she is getting out to fumble in her bag for change.

182 RESUME SCENE

The Editor glances around to make sure that Marchand is still busy with the newspapers, then looks at Harry and mouths the words "Miriam Deering." Harry nods and starts to move away whilst the Editor continues to gaze out of the window.

183 NEW ANGLE

Harry is strolling casually towards the door when the Editor is overcome with a fit of coughing. Harry turns to glance at him questioningly and the Editor points surreptitiously out of the window.

184 INT./EXT. - STREET AND HOSPITAL STEPS - HOLLISPORT - DAY - STUDIO

HARRY'S POV: A Negro DRIVER is very carefully assisting Jewel Mayhew down the steps from the hospital entrance.

185 RESUME SCENE

Harry exchanges a glance with the Editor, whips out a scratch pad, writes two words and holds it up for the Editor's inspection.

186 INSERT

The Scratch Pad with the words - Jewel Mayhew?

187 RESUME SCENE

The Editor nods solemly in reply to Harry's query. Harry rises his hand as if to say thank you, and moves away. Marchand is still engrossed in the newspapers.

CUT TO:

188 INT. - STEPS AND SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY - STUDIO LOT

Jewel and her Driver have almost reached the sidewalk as Miriam starts up the steps of the hospital. Neither recognizes each other but Jewel Mayhew's Driver glances up and, smiling, reaches up to lift his cap.

DRIVER
Miss Deering, ma'am! Sure a good surprise to see you back here!

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

Smiling, she responds to the Negro Driver's greeting and then her eyes move to Jewel in startled recognition, who stares back at her in sharp fright and with an expression of trembling disdain attempts to avoid the confrontation.

MIRIAM
Jewel...

JEWEL
(under her breath, a command)
Joseph!

189-190 CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

Surprise, tinged with shock as she realizes the physical condition of the woman before her, her hand reaches out toward her in an involuntary gesture.

MIRIAM
Jewel Mayhew!

Gasping for breath, Jewel clutches the Driver's arm.

JEWEL
Joseph, help me.

She takes a forward step, stumbles and nearly falls. Miriam moves in reflex to help her.

MIRIAM
Here please, lean on me.

Jewel casts her a wild look and then, seeing that she is forced into this unwanted confrontation, she braces herself on the driver's arm and faces Miriam squarely. Slowly, she gathers her breath and her strength.

JEWEL
If there was anything I ever prayed for... it was that you would never dare show your face to me again!

She pauses to catch her breath and Miriam, very much aware of the passersby around them, keeps her eyes on Jewel.

MIRIAM
You mustn't speak to me like this. After all these years - you really mustn't.

Jewel stares at her with incredulous anger.

(CONTINUED)

189- CONTINUED:
190

JEWEL
(a labored gasp)
Do you really think that time can excuse the things you've done?

MIRIAM
Please, Jewel. Don't. Not here. On the public street.

JEWEL
Oh, I see! Not in public. We mustn't speak the truth out in the open, you and I, eh?

MIRIAM
It's not about me I'm worried.

JEWEL
For people like you the truth has to remain in the shadows and spoken in whispers...Well, right here - on the public street...in the light of day...let me tell you Miriam Deering - murder starts in the heart and its first weapon is a vicious tongue! If you haven't learned that - I have.

MIRIAM
(interrupting)
What I told you is all so long ago and it cost me, too.

JEWEL
(in despair)
If only I hadn't listened to you that day! If I'd seen in your face then what I see there now!

The Driver, shocked at the scene he's caused, gently tries to urge her on.

DRIVER
Please, Miss Mayhew, come along. You shouldn't be doing this. You don't have to -

Jewel allows him to start to lead her away, stumbles uncertainly and Miriam gently and decisively takes her other elbow, insisting on helping her to her car at the curb.

MIRIAM
(quiet, confident)
At the time, would anyone else have been as kind to you as I? Would they? Would they?

(CONTINUED)

189- CONTINUED: (2)
190

JEWEL

Kind!

(attempts to throw off
Miriam's helping hand)

Go...Go away from me! I'm ill...too ill...I won't give up one more thing to you - not one more minute.....no! Leave me be.

Her eyes stare at Miriam, as if to strike her dead; but Miriam's eyes, secure, self-assured, meet hers and Jewel's eyes drop as she turns with a sob and, on Joseph's arm, moves to car.

Miriam looks after her a moment, proud and yet at the same time strangely compassionate. On the surface quite composed, she turns to walk up the steps into the hospital.

191 NEW ANGLE

Jewel Mayhew's car drives away.

CUT TO:

192 INT. OFFICE HOLLISPORT NEWS - DAY

Still standing by the window, the Editor reacts to what he has seen with a sad shake of the head and turns away.

CUT TO:

193 INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Drew opens the door for Miriam who steps inside, her face betraying only the same confidence, the same composure as before.

DREW
What a pleasant surprise.

She steps past him and as he turns from closing the door behind her, he sees that her composure has abandoned her. She leans back against the doorframe, her shoulders held for a moment by her own tense hands.

MIRIAM
(before he speaks)
I just bumped into Jewel Mayhew.
(slowly, regaining control)
I simply wasn't prepared for the way she has changed.

DREW
I'm sorry. I should have told you. She has an appointment every week.

MIRIAM
(her composure returning)
I hardly recognized her. She looks ghastly.

DREW
Yes, it's her heart - not much we can do for her anymore except to keep her out of pain as much as possible.
(sympathetically touches her elbow)
Come, sit down.

She disdains his hand and the indicated chair and moves forward as he observes her.

DREW
You seem awfully nervous. Has Charlotte been acting up?

MIRIAM
(pauses as she remembers)
No - at least not in any straightforward way; and I'm not even sure that it's Charlotte. But someone is trying to frighten me.
(turns, remembering the incident)
Yes. Last night - I went - into --

She hesitates. Drew starts toward her anxiously.

DREW
When you went where?

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

MIRIAM
To my room. Last night.

She is interrupted by the entry of the NURSE, carrying a sheaf of case histories. The Nurse smiles busily, and crosses to the filing cabinets. Miriam's manner has changed instantly upon the entry of the Nurse and now, easily, lightly, she shrugs.

MIRIAM
But it's probably not important. We can talk about it later.
(moves to the door)
Oh, by the way, here are the rental papers for the car.

DREW
(as he takes the papers)
Fine.

MIRIAM
Call me when you get a moment.

DREW
Soon as I get a breather...

Miriam goes and the Nurse looks after her with just a tinge of envy.

DREW
(unnaturally casual)
Oh, Helen, better count me out for dinner tonight.

The Nurse nods stiffly as if this were no more than she expected.

DISSOLVE TO:

194 OMITTED

195 OMITTED

195A OMITTED

195B OMITTED

196 EXT. HOLLIS HOUSE - LONG SHOT - CAR - MIRIAM DRIVING - DAY - STAGE

She pulls to a stop at the front of the house, gets out of the car, takes out some packages, goes up the steps to the door.

199 ANGLE SHOT - UP THE STAIRS - CHARLOTTE, VELMA - MIRIAM'S POV

Velma, precariously carrying a breakfast tray, comes rapidly to the stairs and starts down. Charlotte appears almost at once behind her, stops at the top of the stairs, and throws something after her. The missile just misses Velma's head and drops down to where Miriam is standing. Velma, in her haste, tilts the tray and a jam jar crashes messily on the steps.

VELMA
Damn!

Charlotte storms into her room and slams the door.

200 SHOT OF MIRIAM

She picks up the thing thrown by Charlotte. It is the crime magazine.

201 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE VELMA

Furious, she arrives at the bottom of the stairs.

VELMA
Up to some damn meanness all day long --
one filthy mess to clean up after another...
(then with something
approaching affection)
She's no better than a child.

Miriam holds out the magazine.

MIRIAM
Velma -- Who brought this into the house?

VELMA
I brought it in. It was in the mail-box --
just like that. I reckon somebody put it
there. She broke the teapot up there --
there's tea all down the wall...

Miriam gives her a noncommittal look.

MIRIAM
Oh incidentally, it seems I had better luck
than you did. I've managed to find some
women to do the packing. Please let me
know the moment they arrive, won't you.

Miriam hurries on up the stairs. Velma watches her for a moment and then, in perfect mimicry of what she takes to be Miriam's high-class accents, she repeats her last phrase.

VELMA
'Oh incidentally -- and please let me know
the moment they arrive, won't you.'

She turns and slops off towards the kitchen.

CUT TO:

202 INT. - LANDING - SHOT OF MIRIAM - DAY

Miriam comes onto the landing, crosses to Charlotte's door, and without knocking, hurls it open. A small figure crashes on the wall nearby.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
I told you to get!

203 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S ROOM - DAY

Miriam enters holding up the magazine. Charlotte retreats, but only a step. The wall behind is streaked with tea.

MIRIAM
Now listen to me, Charlotte. If you're going to throw a tantrum every time someone chooses to publish a trivial bit of rubbish like this, then -

CHARLOTTE
(interrupting)
How can you touch that piece of--filth!? That -- corruption!

She snatches the magazine from Miriam's hand, and throws it into the waste-basket.

MIRIAM
Stop it now, Charlotte. It's only a magazine. Cheap and disgusting, and only cheap and disgusting people will read it.

CHARLOTTE
That's--Jewel -- devilling me in my own house.

MIRIAM
You think Jewel brought it here? She couldn't have.

CHARLOTTE
Why couldn't she have brought it here?

MIRIAM
I just saw her. She's seriously ill -- too ill to be running around playing games with silly magazines.

This is news to Charlotte; a gleam of triumph comes to her eyes.

CHARLOTTE
She deserves to be ill. It's her conscience -- eating her up inside. She deserves to die!

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

MIRIAM
Charlotte, stop it. It's just possible that Jewel Mayhew hasn't given you a sustained thought in years.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, you think so, do you? You think she hasn't given me a thought!

She goes to the desk, snatches up an armful of letters and throws them onto the bed. Some of the notepaper flutters down onto the floor.

204 CLOSE SHOT - BED AND FLOOR, SHEETS OF PAPER

As they settle, we see many of them that bear an imprinted nosegay in one corner. All of them bear the single scrawled word: MURDERESS.

205 SHOT OF MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

Miriam takes up one of the notes, looks at it, lifts her gaze to Charlotte, waiting for an explanation.

CHARLOTTE
There...just look...I've been getting those in the mail ever since John died! That idiot Sheriff told us they were crank notes. And then some reporter got them into the newspapers -- and they started coming from all over -- all over the whole world!

She leans forward, to emphasize the importance of this:

CHARLOTTE
But they started right here in Hollisport! And that's where the last one came from - Hollisport. All of them from Jewel Mayhew!

Miriam, staring, lets the note flutter from her hand.

MIRIAM
You <u>saved</u> all these...?

CHARLOTTE
All of them - to show how mean and unforgiving that woman can be!

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

MIRIAM
Well, it's time you got rid of them.

She looks toward the door and stops.

206 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO SHOW VELMA

Velma is standing in the doorway, listening.

CHARLOTTE
Well, what do you want now?

VELMA
(a surly nod to Miriam)
I come to tell her somethin'!

CHARLOTTE
She sure can stand some tellin'.

She grabs the letters that Miriam has been helping her to gather.

VELMA
Them packing women you was lookin' for --
they have arrived.

Miriam glances anxiously at Charlotte, then speaks quickly.

MIRIAM
I'll take care of it.

As Miriam starts to leave, Velma picks up one of the sheets of paper from the floor, reads the "message" with a casually raised eyebrow, and hands it negligently to Miriam, who looks at her angrily and crumples the note in her hand before sweeping out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

207 INT. - MIRIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miriam is in bed asleep. An open book and a pair of reading glasses lie near her relaxed hand on the coverlet. The night lamp is on, the revolver catches the light dimly. There is a sound of faint music -- the old-fashioned sound of the harpsichord.

Miriam stirs, settles back into sleep, stirs again, opens her eyes. Slowly, coming aware of the music, realizing that it is not a trick of her dulled senses, she sits up. Then, getting out of bed, she takes up a robe, slips into mules. Tugging on the robe, she hurries out into the hall.

208 INT. - UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Miriam comes to Charlotte's door, glances briefly inside, then crosses to the landing to peer down the stairs. The music is much plainer now. Miriam looks back toward the open door of her room.

209 MIRIAM' S ROOM, THE NIGHTSTAND, THE GUN - MIRIAM'S POV

The gun gleams dully.

210 RETURN TO MIRIAM

She moves to the head of the stairs and starts down. The song, we now realize, is the same one from the music box -- the "Sweet Charlotte" song of the parody.

211 INT. - ENTRY, LOWER HALLWAY - SHOT OF MIRIAM - NIGHT

From the stairs, she starts along the hallway, then stops again to listen. Charlotte's voice, singing with surprising childish plaintiveness, echoes through the darkness from the open doors of the music room.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
(singing)
Sweet Charlotte, my Charlotte,
Of the sweet, loving ways,
I'll count all your graces,
For all of my days.
I'll give you my heart,
To hold in your hand.
In exchange for your smile,
I'll be yours to command...

Miriam starts forward again, slowly, silently.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D O.S.)
Oh, Charlotte, Sweet Charlotte,
For all of my years...

The music stops, and there is the sound of soft weeping. Miriam reaches the doors of the music room.

212 A CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

At the music room doorway, looking in.

213 SHOT OF MUSIC ROOM, CHARLOTTE SEATED AT HARPSICHORD - NIGHT

Charlotte is crying. She is perfectly still, staring into the dimness. Bright moonlight floods in at the closed French doors.

214 CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

MIRIAM
(very softly)
Charlotte... ?

215 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She looks up at Miriam. She brushes at her tears.

216 SHOT OF DOORWAY, MIRIAM - CHARLOTTE'S POV

Miriam is very dimly seen.

MIRIAM
Come -- come back to bed, Charlotte. Come back to bed.

217 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

She shakes her head, just perceptibly, in wonder more than refusal.

CHARLOTTE
Miriam, he isn't here, really, is he? Just now I thought I heard...Sometimes when I wake up at night...it seems he really is here.

218 ANOTHER ANGLE - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

Miriam enters, feels along the wall for the light switch.

CHARLOTTE
Don't turn on the lights. Nothing's real in the light -- it's only real when it's dark -- dark and still...

219 SHOT OF MIRIAM

Her hand is on the switch.

MIRIAM
It's all right, darling. I won't turn on the light.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED:

She drops her hand and starts toward Charlotte.

MIRIAM
Let me help you - take you up to your room.

220 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE, FRENCH DOORS -MIRIAM'S POV

One of the doors beyond the harpsichord (so that the lower section is obscured) swings slowly open, to let into the room a broad, bright finger of moonlight. At the harpsichord, Charlotte, who has just struck a random note, looks around.

221 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She looks at the moving door and the flood of moonlight.

222 CLOSE SHOT - LOWER PART OF DOOR, THE CLEAVER

The door comes fully open, the moonlight reaches, illumines the cleaver, spattered with blood, upright in the floor.

QUICK CUT TO:

223 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She starts up in terror, screams.

224 CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

She shows surprise, alarm.

MIRIAM
Charlotte... ?

225 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE, MIRIAM

Charlotte claws free of the harpsichord. Miriam runs to her down the length of the room, catches her in her arms.

MIRIAM
What is it... ?

Charlotte, her mouth covered with her hands, in unable to speak. Miriam follows her gaze to the cleaver.

226 SHOT OF CLEAVER - MIRIAM'S POV

As before.

227 RETURN TO MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

Charlotte stares fixedly. Determination comes into Miriam's face. She leaves Charlotte to cling to the harpsichord, goes toward the cleaver, and as if to put an end to this grisly nonsense, reaches down and dislodges it. She starts to straighten, then freezes.

228 CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

A look of overwhelming revulsion comes into her face.

229 CLOSE SHOT - TIGHT ON HAND AND NOSEGAY

A reconstruction of the first mutilation scene, except that now we see the hand actually dismembered and bleeding. The nosegay has fallen from its grasp, spattered with blood.

230 CLOSE SHOT - TIGHT ON CHARLOTTE

Madness is in her face now, a madness of terror. She makes muted, whimpering sounds of fright.

231 SHOT OF MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

Miriam drops the cleaver, goes to Charlotte, forces her to turn away and leave. Charlotte begins to sob now:

CHARLOTTE
He's dead...he's dead...he's dead...he's dead.

MIRIAM
Come along, it's going to be all right... It's over now. It really is.

Charlotte sobs all the way out of the room, through the hall and up the stairs, as the CAMERA HOLDS ON THE EMPTY DOORWAY.

DISSOLVE TO:

232 OMITTED

233 INT. - LOWER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Miriam, watchful, wary, enters from the stairs, moves back toward the music room. She approaches the music room, stops, and forces herself to look inside.

234 FULL SHOT - THE MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT - MIRIAM'S POV

It is still, deserted. The French door is closed.

235 RETURN TO MIRIAM

She enters hesitantly, finds the light switch and turns it on. The chandeliers yield a glaring brightness. Miriam looks around toward the harpsichord. At a point where she can see where the hand was, she stops, takes a breath, looks.

236 CLOSE SHOT - THE FLOOR JUST INSIDE THE DOOR - MIRIAM'S POV

There is no sign of the hand, nosegay or cleaver; they are gone.

237 RETURN TO MIRIAM

She crosses for a closer look, tries the door, finds it locked. Frowning, she peers through one of the panes out into the dark.

238 EXT. - THE GROUNDS - NIGHT - STAGE

There is a furtive shifting of shadows near the shrubbery, a figure, perhaps, taking cover there.

239 RETURN TO MIRIAM

She draws away from the window with an expression of intense disquiet.

DISSOLVE TO:

240 INT. - LOWER HALLWAY - SHOT OF CHARLOTTE - DAY

She leaves the stairs, stops. We see that the shock of the night has cost her something in inner security. As she approaches the library door, there is laughter from inside. As she moves to the door the sound abruptly stops.

241 SHOT OF LIBRARY, CLEANING WOMEN - FROM HALLWAY - CHARLOTTE'S POV

Three Negro Women, at the sight of Charlotte, have stopped in their chore of packing books to look back at Charlotte with some curiostiy and apprehension.

242 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

She glances away, embarrassed, and continues down the hall. She approaches the closed doors of the music room, stops. After a long moment, she reaches out, shoves the doors open.

243 SHOT OF MUSIC ROOM - CHARLOTTE'S POV

It is quiet, deserted, dimly glowing with real and reflected sunlight.

244 INT. - MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Charlotte enters, crosses down the length of the room to look at where the cleaver and hand were the night before.

245 CLOSER SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She looks, frowning, wondering. Then she lifts her gaze to the scene outside, opens the door and goes on out.

246 EXT. - SIDE VERANDA - SHOT OF CHARLOTTE - DAY

She crosses to balustrade and looks out at the gardens.

247 SHOT OF GARDENS, GRAVEYARD

Still, warm with sunshine, inviting.

248 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

She moves down the steps and onto the terrace, where there is an ornamental iron table and chairs. Something out toward the graveyard catches her eye.

249 LONG SHOT - THE GRAVEYARD - CHARLOTTE'S POV

A glinting of light just in front of the graveyard.

250 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

She starts across in that direction.

CUT TO:

251 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The first of the three Negro Women is coming back from the library door.

FIRST WOMAN
Man, she certainly acts like she was crazy sometimes.

The Second Woman pauses in the act of dusting off a book.

2ND WOMAN
That's what all the folk in town say, but I wouldn't bet on that. I wouldn't bet on it at all.

She shakes her head somberly.

CUT TO:

252 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARLOTTE

She arrives at the graveyard, picks up a discarded cigarette package.

253 CLOSE SHOT - CIGARETTE PACKAGE - CHARLOTTE HOLDING IT

The foil surface.

254 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

A frown. And then she sees something else, leans down to pick it up.

255 A CLOSER SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She picks up a wadded piece of paper, straightens, studies it.

256 CLOSE SHOT - THE PAPER

It contains a small, rough sketch of Hollis House.

257 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE HEADSTONES, HARRY'S HAND

It lies limp over the top of one of the headstones. Charlotte, preoccupied, does not see it at first, and then, catching sight of it, starts, cries out. Harry rises immediately from a squatting position behind the stone, puts away his pad and pencil. A camera hangs from a strap around his neck. Charlotte whirls away...

HARRY
My word -- Charlotte Hollis.

Charlotte stops, looks back at him uncertainly, then starts away again. Harry comes quickly forward.

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED:

HARRY
Oh, my dear, I've frightened you, haven't I? I am sorry -- terribly -- really I am. Please don't run off. I'm very harmless, really.

He takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, holds it out to her. She considers, shakes her head.

HARRY
Then I won't either.

CHARLOTTE
Who are you? What are you doing on my property?

HARRY
You're right to ask. It is still your property, isn't it? And to make matters worse I'm snooping. In all frankness, that's the only word for it. I took a short-cut this way -- for the exercise...

CHARLOTTE
You're one of the surveyors?

HARRY
No, no. I've nothing to do with all that.

CHARLOTTE
(still suspicious)
Then what's that camera for?

HARRY
(smiling sheepishly)
Oh, that's more of a conversation piece really.
(after a pause)
Look, why don't I introduce myself? My name's Harry Wills. I've come all the way from London in hope of meeting you.

Charlotte is somewhat reassured. She moves again toward the house, but not in haste. Harry moves along with her?

CHARLOTTE
You have? Why?

HARRY
Well -- we've met before, you and I. A long time ago, it was, the night you arrived in London. I was with one of the daily newspapers then. I stood just as close to you then as I am now. But just for an instant.

257 CONTINUED: (2)

Charlotte frowns, her suspicion swiftly vanishing.

CHARLOTTE
I didn't talk to any reporters...

HARRY
I know. And you'd no reason to, the way we behaved toward you. That's one reason I've always hoped to see you again -- to apologize...

CHARLOTTE
You really were there...?

HARRY
I can prove it. Let me see...
(a pause, to remember)
You were wearing a green suit -- of light wool -- and a sort of tam o'shanter -- green velvet, it was...
(he grins at her)
I really was there. And do you know... since then I think I've read nearly every word printed about you. I take pride I'm an authority on you.

CHARLOTTE
You are?

HARRY
Indeed I am. You're my favorite living mystery.

Charlotte, as they continue to the house, faintly smiles.

CHARLOTTE
Have you ever solved me?

HARRY
(a chuckle)
But then you wouldn't be a mystery any more, would you?

Charlotte, struck by this, gives him a very grave look.

CHARLOTTE
No, I wouldn't. And I'm your favorite case -- when you have so many to choose from.

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED: (3)

HARRY
But naturally you would be. You've got everything. You're unsolved -- perhaps even insoluble. You've glamour and passion in your past. I hope I'm not offending you...?

Charlotte gives him a direct look, and we are struck with her growing "normality" under Harry's frank approach. For the first time we have a clear view of her youthful charm.

CHARLOTTE
It's the oddest thing -- I don't think you are at all. Ordinarily, I don't talk to people. Not about that, ever...

HARRY
That's why I'm so delighted to be talking to you now. It's historic. When you woke up this morning did you imagine you'd make history today? I didn't. Come on, let's sit down and have a real chat.

They come to the terrace, go to the table, where he helps her into a chair, then takes his place opposite.

258 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARLOTTE, HARRY

CHARLOTTE
Since you're an authority -- do you think I'm really a murderess? Do I look like one?

Harry shows surprise at this, then quickly recovers.

HARRY
Well, now, let me see...

He holds up an "artist's thumb", as if measuring her features. Charlotte is unable to suppress a slight giggle.

HARRY
Difficult to tell really, isn't it, but that's as it should be.
(after a pause)
Isn't it nice, the two of us sitting here in the sunshine, though?

CHARLOTTE
(her smile goes)
They've told you I'm mad?

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED:

HARRY
But of course. Everyone says so. Are you?

But Charlotte cannot be teased out of a momentary seriousness. Her gaze goes back to the music room and the memory of last night.

CHARLOTTE
I used to be quite positive I wasn't. But just lately -- at night -- when it seems almost as if he were still alive...I really don't know anymore.

HARRY
How does any of us know, eh -- from day to day?

Charlotte's smile returns suddenly, she rises from her chair.

CHARLOTTE
Would you like to see the house?

HARRY
(very quickly, rising)
I've been longing to -- for years.

259 ANOTHER ANGLE - HARRY, CHARLOTTE

She leads him, smiling, toward the music room.

DISSOLVE TO:

260 INT. - THE HALLWAY - SHOT OF CHARLOTTE, HARRY - DAY

They enter from the music room.

HARRY
You must be very fond of this house, aren't you.

She looks about her with hesitant wistfulness, as if her thoughts were altogether too deep to express.

CHARLOTTE
I'll show you Poppa's library.

261 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO SHOW MIRIAM COMING FROM LIBRARY

She stops in surprise, seeing Charlotte and Harry.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

Charlotte makes no attempt to introduce them and there is an awkward pause before Harry speaks.

HARRY
Miss Deering, isn't it? My name is Wills, Harry Wills. I believe I saw you in Hollisport yesterday.

MIRIAM
How d'you do.
(glancing at Charlotte)
I didn't know you were acquainted with anyone from out of town.

HARRY
We just met in the grounds. Your cousin very kindly offered to show me round this lovely house.

He smiles at her with innocent sweetness. Charlotte's reaction is one of quick jealousy. Harry is her friend, her beau, not Miriam's. She gives Miriam a slow look, deliberately takes Harry's arm and starts to turn him away.

CHARLOTTE
Come on.

HARRY
Will you excuse us?

He looks back at Miriam.

MIRIAM
But of course.

262 INT. - LIBRARY - SHOT OF CHARLOTTE, HARRY, CLEANING WOMEN - DAY

The women subtly retreat as Charlotte and Harry enter. They go on with their packing but in an atmosphere of tense hush.

CHARLOTTE
This room was more like a play room to me when I was little-bitty. Poppa liked me being underfoot...he just didn't mind a thing I ever did. Over here --

She breaks off, her gaze having gone sharply to the women.

CHARLOTTE
What do you think you're doing -- get your hands off that!

263 SHOT OF CLEANING WOMEN

One of them has picked up the carved musical box and is about to pack it away. At Charlotte's command, she nearly drops the box in her anxiety to be rid of it.

264 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARLOTTE, HARRY, CLEANING WOMEN

Harry and the women stare from the box to Charlotte, the same thought in all their minds. Charlotte looks from one to the other of them, realizing. Unreasoning anger flares up in her, she moves toward them.

CHARLOTTE
Get out! Get out of my house! Go on!

The Women edge away, seeking the handiest route of escape.

CHARLOTTE
Stop staring at me!

The Women hurry toward the hallway. Charlotte follows.

CHARLOTTE
Go on -- go!

265 INT. - HALLWAY - SHOT OF MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE, CLEANING WOMEN, VELMA - DAY

The Women come scurrying from the library. Miriam arrives hurriedly at the bottom of the stairs.

MIRIAM
(to the women)
Wait outside. I'll be out...

Charlotte appears in the library doorway, wild-eyed.

CHARLOTTE
You heard me! Get out.

MIRIAM
Charlotte, what's the matter? What've they done?

The women hurry outside. Velma comes from the kitchen.

266 INT. - LIBRARY - SHOT OF CHARLOTTE - HARRY - DAY

Harry reaches out as if to draw Charlotte back into the room. But the sight of him only triggers a new fury in her.

CHARLOTTE
You -- you too... Snooping around here! Don't you think I don't know what you're looking for in this house?

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED:

HARRY
(reasonably)
But what does it matter -- if you've nothing concealed?

CHARLOTTE
Oh, but I have -- I have things concealed. Such vile things... where d'you suppose I keep them?

She moves back and away from him, into the room.

CHARLOTTE
Where! Haven't you guessed?
(her gaze lights on the box)
In there? Oh, yes -- let me show you...

She crosses to the box and snatches it up.

CHARLOTTE
A memento of my sinful romance? A part of my lover? Yes! Yes, a part of him -- !

She holds out the box, grasps the lid.

CHARLOTTE
Just look!

267 CLOSE SHOT - THE OPEN BOX AS CHARLOTTE HOLDS IT OUT

To the accompanying tinkle of the "Sweet Charlotte" song, we see the moving parts of the inner mechanism.

268 SHOT OF HARRY

He is more concerned with Charlotte than the box.

269 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She looks from Harry to the box, suddenly crumbles.

CHARLOTTE
It's all I have left. The song he wrote for me -- the love song. He gave it to me -- in this box...

270 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARLOTTE

Silently, she sinks into a chair cradling the box in her lap. The twinkling music continues.

271 SHOT OF HARRY

HARRY
Oh, my dear...

Miriam appears in the doorway, and he looks around.

MIRIAM
I think you'd better go...

HARRY
(softly)
I'm sorry, I was only trying to help her.

MIRIAM
If you hadn't chosen to invite yourself here, this might not have happened.

He nods sadly, turns away, and leaves. Miriam comes into the room, looks at Charlotte.

272 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE - MIRIAM'S POV

Weeping softly now and holding her box.

273 RETURN TO MIRIAM - VELMA

She looks around as Velma appears in the doorway.

MIRIAM
How did that box get in here?

Velma shrugs.

VELMA
How'n the world would I know?

They turn to look at Charlotte, the music goes on...

DISSOLVE TO:

274 LONG SHOT - ROAD, MIRIAM'S CAR - DAY

The car, headed for Hollis House, approaches Mayhew Manor.

275 INT.- CAR - SHOT OF MIRIAM - DAY

She is driving. There are parcels on the seat beside her to show that she has been to town for supplies. She looks out at the roadside.

276 FULL TRUCKING SHOT OF ROADSIDE, GATEPOSTS, DRIVE - MIRIAM'S POV

As Miriam APPROACHES. In passing we have a clear view of the drive. There is a glimpse of a waiting taxi, the Driver dozing at the wheel.

277 INT. - CAR - SHOT OF MIRIAM - DAY

278 EXT. - TERRACE AT REAR OF MAYHEW HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - THE TEA TABLE (JEWEL, HARRY) - DAY

Jewel's hand moves in unsteadily to the silver teapot. Very swiftly Harry's hand moves in to prevent a spill. THE CAMERA MOVES BACK FOR A WIDER SHOT of Jewel and Harry.

HARRY
May I?

JEWEL
I'd be very grateful.

As Harry pours, Jewel studies him closely, and is reassured, we feel, at what she sees.

JEWEL
This is my favorite place now -- here in the shade.

HARRY
Yes, it's very pleasant, very pleasant indeed.

Jewel smiles, and even this seems an effort for her.

JEWEL
Tell me, Mr. Wills, weren't you a little surprised when I agreed to see you? After all, you must have been told that I don't normally receive visitors.

HARRY
Well yes, but then I've found the hospitality in this part of the country delightful.
(he smiles candidly)
Besides, I imagine you had your reasons.

LEWIS the butler approaches.

LEWIS
Is there anything else, m'am?

JEWEL
No thank you, Lewis.

Lewis goes.

JEWEL
I did have my reasons, Mr. Wills. I did.

HARRY
I hope you won't regret it. I did warn you that I was going to touch on painful subjects...

JEWEL
You mentioned Lloyd's of London. I still hold a policy on my deceased husband -- a Lloyd's policy. I take it that's what you are interested in.

278 CONTINUED:

HARRY
It's a policy for a very considerable sum. In all these years you've never even put in an inquiry.

JEWEL
And you want to know why.

Harry shrugs modestly, and she gives him a faint smile.

JEWEL
I didn't think you meant to urge me to collect after all these years.

HARRY
(returning her smile)
No, I must confess my motives were inquisitive rather than philanthropic.

JEWEL
I'm afraid you'll be disappointed -- I didn't exercise that policy, Mr. Wills, because -- well, because I simply couldn't. There are some things -- losses -- you just can't bring yourself to capitalize on. At least I couldn't. And -- then -- I didn't need the money.
(a little shrug)
I'm afraid that's all the answer there is. Do you understand?

HARRY
I think so.

Jewel takes up her cup, hesitates, puts it down again.

JEWEL
I believe you really do. Which leads me to confess my own ulterior motives for this meeting. I have a particular need for a stranger now.

HARRY
Yes, they do have their uses, don't they.

JEWEL
Here, in this little town, our interests are all too tightly interlocked. If you confide in one person, you confide in the whole community.

HARRY
You need someone to talk to?

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED: (2)

JEWEL
Only in a sense. I'm not a well woman. You can see that much for yourself. Who was it said, "This long disease -- my life"? Well, anyway it's coming to an end. Perhaps a month, a week, a few days, who knows.

HARRY
I'm so terribly sorry...

Jewel puts up a hand.

JEWEL
No, don't be -- not for me. I think I'm even glad. But never mind that. I take it that you're no stranger to the unhappier aspects of people's lives.

Harry indicates his agreement.

JEWEL
And yet you're still a cheerful man. That makes me think you're an honest one as well.

HARRY
It doesn't follow, of course. But I like to think so.

JEWEL
Also -- I believe you must know a thing I've been very late in learning.

HARRY
Oh...?

JEWEL
That the wickedest act in this life is to sit in judgement on others... and bring down vengeance upon them.

HARRY
Yes. And yet there are actions that require our judgement.

JEWEL
The frightful things that happened when my husband died. And the other things, the quiet, slowly festering ones that have gone on happening ever since...
(a pause)
Me, alone here in this house -- Charlotte alone over there, a frightened exile from the world. No matter what she did...

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED: (3)

She breaks off, lost in some private reminiscence. Then she shakes her head.

JEWEL
More than one life was taken that night.

Again Jewel studies Harry, and Harry offers a tentative smile. Finally, Jewel produces a sealed letter from her shawl and holds it in her trembling hand, her gaze fixed on Harry.

279 CLOSE SHOT - THE LETTER

It is unmarked, unaddressed, sealed.

280 RETURN TO JEWEL, HARRY - ANOTHER ANGLE

JEWEL
Are you the honest man you seem to be, Harry Wills?

Harry's smile falters; she puts out a hand to stop him answering.

JEWEL
No, don't give an answer to that. The only way to trust someone is on instinct alone.

She drops the letter within Harry's reach.

JEWEL
I want you to have this. I only ask that you don't open it until I'm gone. Then I want you to act on your own experience and judgment. You'll know what's best to do when the time comes. Or what not to do.

Harry takes the letter, holds it flat in his hand.

HARRY
It sounds a heavy responsibility.

JEWEL
It is, a terrible one. My honest advice is to refuse it.

HARRY
But you know I won't.

JEWEL
Yes, I know that.

Harry slips the letter into his pocket. Jewel fingers a worn spot in her embroidered napkin. abandons it limply.

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED:

JEWEL
Ruined finery. Yes, that's all I have left. I'm stoney broke -- is that the phrase. It's a relief to admit it.

HARRY
But then, your policy with Lloyd's

JEWEL
You know how long it would take to process an old claim like that. By the time I received it -- it's likely I'd be past needing it.

There is a brief silence. Harry reaches out, takes up the tea pot.

HARRY
You must be ready for another cup of tea. You know, we Englishmen are quite wrong; tea isn't the cure for everything.
(he smiles)
It isn't even good for the digestion.

DISSOLVE TO:

281 thru 286 OMITTED

287 EXT. - FRONT OF HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

It is very dark and still. The scene remains unchanged for a moment and then comes alight with a bright flash of lightning. A rattle of thunder announces a late summer storm.

288 EXT. UPPER BALCONY OUTSIDE CHARLOTTE'S ROOM - NIGHT - STUDIO

In a second flash, Charlotte, in her nightdress, comes from her room. She moves uncertainly, still half asleep.

289 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

With a faint look of expectation, she presses close to the balustrade, staring down below.

290 LONG SHOT - THE AREA BELOW - CHARLOTTE'S POV - NIGHT - STUDIO

The lightning comes again. A clump of bushes stands out in sharp relief, and it seems they harbor some image -- the figure of a man. The scene is swallowed in darkness, there is thunder.

291 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

Bewilderment grows in her face. As if dimly aware this is not waking reality, she frowns. We feel strongly she is not in full possession of her own awareness as she turns and goes back inside.

292 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

She enters from the balcony, stands for a moment, undecided.

OVERSCENE: A run of discordant notes from the harpsichord below.

Another flash of lightning shows her in stark silhouette. As if propelled by this and the ensuing thunder, she moves across the room and out into the hall.

293 INT. - LANDING - NIGHT

Charlotte looks, with a kind of wildness, toward Miriam's room, goes in that direction.

294 FULL SHOT - UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

A lightning flash, thunder. Charlotte goes to the lighted door of Miriam's room and stands looking in.

295 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She peeks in at Miriam, a "hidden" look on her face.

296 INT. - MIRIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miriam is in bed apparently asleep. The gun on the nightstand is lit up by a flash of lightning. As Miriam stirs, Charlotte hurries back out of the room. Miriam opens her eyes, sees lightning, pulls up cover, rolls over and goes back to sleep.

297 INT. - UPPER HALLWAY SHOT OF CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

Charlotte hurries towards the stairs, with some new thought. The lightning comes again. She runs to the balustrade and peers down the stairwell. As the thunder comes, she hurries down the steps.

298 INT. - ENTRY - LOWER HALLWAY AND LIBRARY - FULL SHOT - CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

She leaves the stairs, starts back along the hall. A flash of lightning illumines the library windows. She enters library and looks out French windows.

298A EXT. GROUNDS - CHARLOTTE'S POV

Shadow appears to pass towards front door. Moments later there is a loud knocking at the front door.

299 LOWER ENTRY HALL - CHARLOTTE

She runs to the front door and just as the thunder breaks, hurls it open. Wind catches at her nightgown and hair and sends them streaming out behind her. She starts outside, but just then there is a sound, from behind, the harpsichord. She whirls about. The lightning flashes. She

(CONTINUED)

299 CONTINUED:

waits. The thunder comes, and again the sound of the harpsichord. With a sudden smile, she runs down the hall, leaving the front door open behind her. She arrives at the doors to the music room, stops. Another flash of lightning, and the doors burst open before her.

299A INT. MIRIAM'S BEDROOM - SHOT OF MIRIAM - NIGHT

Disturbed by the storm, she moves fretfully in her sleep. The lightning illumines the room, catching at the metal surface of the gun. Miriam comes awake, peers inquiringly first at the window and then, reflexively, toward the hall.

300 SHOT OF MUSIC ROOM - CHARLOTTE'S POV

A pair of French doors appear to have blown open. The in-rushing wind produces the sound from the harpsichord.

301 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

Wind-whipped. Her smile widens as if at some delightful secret.

CHARLOTTE
(whispering)
John...?

She moves forward into the room and then turning, as if to be sure she is not observed, she closes the doors, carefully, silent in the face of CAMERA. Lightning flashes, and there is thunder...

302 INT. - MIRIAM'S BEDROOM - SHOT OF MIRIAM - NIGHT

She hears, faintly, the sound of the harpsichord. Frowning, she gets out of bed. Slipping on her robe, she takes up the gun and goes to the door.

303 INT. - UPPER HALLWAY - SHOT OF MIRIAM - NIGHT

Even here the wind catches at her robe. She closes balcony doors. She looks briefly into Charlotte's room and then, at the repeated sound of the music, crosses to look down the stairwell.

304 HIGH ANGLE SHOT - LOWER ENTRY, FRONT DOOR - MIRIAM'S POV

The wind is gusting in at the open door. In a flash of lightning, we see leaves blowing down the hall, scrabbling along like giant spiders.

305 RETURN TO MIRIAM

The music is building to a frenzy. Miriam hurries down the stairs.

306 INT. - ENTRY - SHOT OF MIRIAM - NIGHT

There is a thundering crash and shattering of glass from the ballroom. She looks back in that direction. There is crash after crash after crash, and the sound of sobbing. Miriam starts forward.

307 ANOTHER ANGLE - MIRIAM

As the sounds continue, Miriam runs to the door, hurls herself against it, finds it locked. Slipping the gun into her pocket, she pounds on the door. She stops, listens.

(CONTINUED)

307 CONTINUED:

MIRIAM
Charlotte... !

She shoves against the door harder and it bursts open. She looks into the room, moves inside.

308 INT. MUSIC ROOM - LONG SHOT - MIRIAM'S POV - NIGHT

In a lightning flash, we see, fleetingly, that all the mirrors have been smashed. The French doors are closed. Charlotte, sobbing, stands near the doorway.

309 SHOT OF MIRIAM

She turns to switch on the lights.

310 FULL SHOT - THE MUSIC ROOM, MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

The scene is crazed with reflected light, shards of mirror on the floor and clinging inside the frames. Charlotte stands staring, eyes dilated and wild. There is lightning, thunder. Miriam glances out toward the hall, then back to Charlotte.

311 SHOT OF MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

Miriam goes to Charlotte, takes hold of her. Charlotte, a hurt child, holds out her arm to show it is cut and bleeding. A bit of the tension goes from Miriam's face.

MIRIAM
(Still shaken, however)
Yes -- we'll take care of it -- come...

But Charlotte pulls back.

CHARLOTTE
Poppa...Miriam..I saw him...He was so tall...He was angry...He still hasn't forgiven me.

MIRIAM
(firmly)
Charlotte...
(Charlotte looks at her)
I won't let anything hurt you.

Charlotte looks around in confusion and Miriam starts to lead her from the room.

CHARLOTTE
(as if to herself)
It was Poppa...I know it was...

(CONTINUED)

311 CONTINUED:

Miriam looks at her skeptically, but her words are soothing and kind.

MIRIAM
No, Charlotte. He loved you. Don't you remember -- he loved you.

CHARLOTTE
But he was there - he really was...

MIRIAM
Yes, Charlotte - it just seemed that way to you. Come on - we'll talk about it tomorrow.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

312 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE - DAY

She is asleep in bed. A sound of movement brings her awake. She opens her eyes and looks dazedly around.

313 CLOSE SHOT - DREW - CHARLOTTE'S POV

She sees him in hazy distortion, so he is rather frightening. Then, however, he comes into focus and smiles at her.

DREW
Good morning, Charlotte...

314 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE, DREW, MIRIAM

We see a container of sleeping pills (or some other sedative) on the nightstand. Charlotte follows Drew's gaze to Miriam. Miriam has brought a bag from the closet and is now opening a bureau drawer. Charlotte rises up in protest.

CHARLOTTE
Miriam -- ?

MIRIAM
(she turns)
Charlotte -- I'm taking you away from here -- today...

CHARLOTTE
No...

MIRIAM
Drew and I have talked it over.

DREW
It's the best thing. We've found a place where you'll be real comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE

No.

DREW

You'll be feeling better a little later. And then we can discuss it.

Charlotte struggles to get out of bed, but she is too unsteady.

CHARLOTTE

No! I won't go.

MIRIAM

You have to go before next Monday, anyway.

CHARLOTTE

(a violent shake of the head)

While Jewel's still down there... I won't let her see my house destroyed and me driven off this land.

MIRIAM

Would you rather she sees you arrested and taken to jail?

CHARLOTTE

Luke Standish won't do that...

MIRIAM

There will be policemen and reporters and photographers everywhere... Charlotte -- after last night -- you must leave here -- you must.

CHARLOTTE

(remembered terror)

Last night...

MIRIAM

The music room -- the mirrors.

Fear shows in Charlotte's face as she remembers. She looks from one to the other of them, on the brink of capitulation. And, finally, in a small voice:

CHARLOTTE

Where will you take me?

MIRIAM

A nice place -- where everyone will be kind to you. You'll see..

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED: (2)

After a long moment, Charlotte nods just faintly, then thinks of a new objection:

CHARLOTTE
Miriam...I...I won't go in the daytime -- not when Jewel can see me. I won't go until after it's dark...

MIRIAM
Now really, Charlotte. What difference does it make? Jewel will have to know sooner or later.

Drew turns from preparing a hypodermic, to take charge of the situation.

DREW
Now ladies, please. Right now Charlotte has to get some sleep.

He gives Miriam a warning glance. She nods understandingly and moves off to the door.

MIRIAM
I'll go and see what I can do about clearing up downstairs.

Drew bends to swab Charlotte's arm. She looks up in alarm.

CHARLOTTE
What are you doing?

DREW
(soothingly)
I want you to get all the rest you can. You'll feel much better when you've had some sleep.

He looks up to see the door closing on Miriam, then gives Charlotte the shot. Charlotte speaks in a dreamy, plaintive voice.

CHARLOTTE
But, I didn't break the mirrors, it wasn't me.

DREW
Now...Now...Of course you didn't.

Drew looks down at her calmly as he waits for the shot to take effect.

CUT TO:

315 INT. - LANDING - SHOT OF VELMA, MIRIAM - DAY

Velma, who has been listening, scurries down the stairs. Miriam comes from Charlotte's room just in time to catch a glimpse of her. She crosses to the stairwell and looks down.

316 HIGH ANGLE SHOT - THE STAIRWELL, ENTRY - VELMA - MIRIAM'S POV

Velma scurries back down the hall.

317 RETURN TO MIRIAM

She starts down the steps.

CUT TO:

318 INT. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Drew is putting away his equipment in his bag. He glances down at Charlotte with something like compassion.

DREW
Don't be upset -- I'll come by to see how you are this evening.

CUT TO:

319 INT. STAIRS, LOWER HALLWAY, LOOKING TOWARD LIBRARY - SHOT OF VELMA, MIRIAM - DAY

Miriam arrives at the bottom of the stairs in time to see Velma going to the library and close the door. She goes in that direction.

320 INT. - LIBRARY - SHOT OF VELMA - DAY

Velma has made the connection at the phone.

VELMA
Mr. Wills' room. Yeah, yeah, hurry up, huh?
(a wait, then)
Mr. Wills. Velma Cruther. You said for me to call you if...
(a look toward the door)
I'll talk to you later...

321 ANOTHER ANGLE - VELMA, MIRIAM

Miriam enters as Velma slams down the phone. She stands in silence, waiting. Velma meets her gaze with open defiance.

VELMA
I was usin' the phone...

MIRIAM
So I see.
(she approaches)
Miss Charlotte will be leaving tonight, Velma. You'll be given your wages to the end of the month.

A deadly anger comes into Velma's face.

VELMA
You tryin' to hand me my walkin' papers?

MIRIAM
No, it's just that you won't be needed any longer.

VELMA
Oh, yeah? What about when she comes back?
(a narrowed look)
Or ain't she comin' back?

MIRIAM
Since the house won't be here, I hardly think that's relevant.

VELMA
You think so, huh? Well, you know what I think? I think if she leaves this house with you, she won't never be seen nor heard from again. An' anyway, I take my orders from Miss Charlotte, not from you.

(CONTINUED)

321 CONTINUED:

Miriam starts for the door.

MIRIAM
It should be obvious, even to you that my cousin is in no condition to run a household.

VELMA
(darkly)
There's a whole lot of things that are obvious to me. And the reason you're tryin' to get rid of me is one of 'em.

Miriam pauses in doorway.

MIRIAM
The childish tricks you've been playing here, trying to frighten me into leaving, are more than sufficient reason to dismiss you.

VELMA
(blustering)
Tricks? Whad'ya mean tricks? 'Twasn't me that ripped your dadburned ol' dress!

MIRIAM
(infuriatingly cool)
But you seem to know it was ripped... and I never mentioned it to anyone. Besides, it's not just the dress.

Furious at being trapped so easily, Velma retaliates blindly.

VELMA
I don't even know what you're talking about. But, I do know one thing though -- you're just jealous 'cos Miss Charlotte always favored me, and now you're trying to do me out of the money she promised me for when she passes away.

Miriam's supercilious smile broadens into sardonic laughter.

MIRIAM
That's charming -- quite charming! My cousin happens to be a little ill -- and you're already dividing the spoils.

(CONTINUED)

321 CONTINUED: (2)

VELMA
(fiercely)
I didn't mean it that way, and you damn well know it. Anyways, you don't have any call to be so high and mighty. I seen all that fancy foreign mail you been gettin'. Think I don't know a due bill when I see one. You've had it in for me ever since way back when you first came to this house, and you know why? 'Cos I could see right through you. You didn't fool me then and you sure as hell don't fool me now.

MIRIAM
(coolly sarcastic)
My dear, Velma, I wouldn't dream of trying. But the point is you're fired; you're just not needed any longer.

VELMA
Well, I ain't going to clear out...not just 'cos you say so! I've bin looking out for Miss Charlotte since before you ever came here, and she knows it.

She starts to shove past Miriam, but Miriam grabs her arm.

MIRIAM
Where d'you think you're going?

VELMA
I'm going upstairs and telling her what you're up to.

She pulls free and hurries to the door, with Miriam close behind.

MIRIAM
Don't you dare go up there and disturb her.

322 INT. - LOWER HALLWAY - DAY

Velma comes from the library and hurries toward the stairs. Miriam catches her again at the bottom of the stairs and holds her arm.

(CONTINUED)

322 CONTINUED:

VELMA
Yeah? What's going on up there you don't want me to see?

She pulls free, and starts going up the stairs only to be met by Drew, who bars her way.

DREW
Now Velma, there's no sense in making a fuss. Miss Miriam's more than qualified to take care of Miss Charlotte and to take care of closing up the house.

Velma looks from one to the other.

VELMA
Ah - so you're in on this together! You and her.

DREW
(unflustered)
Now, Velma... you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Miss Charlotte is sick and you're not going to help her get well by kicking up this kind of ruckus.

Velma draws back in angry confusion.

VELMA
All right... I'm going. But don't think you're not going to be sorry -- both of you!

She hurries off down the hall.

323 TWO SHOT

Miriam and Drew watching her go.

DREW
Now what in the world does she think we're going to be sorry about?

MIRIAM
She'a always been insanely jealous of anyone who was close to Charlotte. I guess it's something she just can't be rational about.

She watches after her with a tinge of anxiety.

DISSOLVE TO:

324 INT. - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HOLLISPORT - DAY

CLOSE SHOT: Harry Wills looks up from the scratch-pad on which he has been doodling at the desk.

HARRY
You haven't much to go on, really.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Velma sitting on the opposite side of the desk. Unaccustomed to the official surroundings, she is uncomfortable but determined.

VELMA
I got what I know, don't I? I know the state Miss Charlotte's been in ever since that woman come here. She wouldn't have smashed up them mirrors that way, if somebody didn't have her good and worked up about something... She loves that old house, she really does.

HARRY
Yes, but even allowing that there might be cause for concern, what could I really do?

VELMA
She liked you. I seen how she was with you. If you was to go out there and tell her not to listen to them, I think she'd mind what you say.

HARRY
I grant you it does seem a trifle odd.

Anxious to be rid of her, Harry rises and starts to help her from the chair. Velma is still trying to communicate her sense of urgency as they move towards the door.

VELMA
If they take my Miss Charlotte out of that house, she ain't never comin' back. I just know it.

CUT TO:

325 OMITTED

326 EXT. - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Standish moves from his car onto the sidewalk with Paul Marchand snapping at his heels like a worrisome terrier.

PAUL
For Pete's sake, Sheriff, all I want to do is look at the official records.

SHERIFF (blandly)
And that's exactly what you ain't getting permission to do.

They move on towards the door.

CUT TO:

327 INT. - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry has a hand on the door and is ushering Velma out.

HARRY
I'll certainly let you know. Goodbye.

Velma sweeps out of the office, and Harry is about to close the door when he sees the Sheriff come in with Paul. The Sheriff enters the office whilst Paul pauses in the doorway to watch Velma go.

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED:

HARRY
Tell me, Mr. Standish, would you say that Miss Cruther is given to exaggeration.

The Sheriff goes to sit at his desk.

SHERIFF
Given to it! She was born to it. Lying just naturally runs in that Cruther family.

Paul turns from the doorway complaining bitterly.

PAUL
How d'you like that, I greased that old bag with ten dollars and the first thing she does is come running to you.

Harry looks at him innocently. The Sheriff tips back his chair, grinning.

SHERIFF
Maybe she just likes older men, son.

Paul casts a baleful glance at the Sheriff before turning back to Harry.

PAUL
Anyway, what are you cooking up with her? What did she tell you?

HARRY
Nothing at all, old chap. Absolutely nothing.

PAUL
Yeah, that's what you said when you spoke to Miss Deering, and the next thing I know you're interviewing Charlotte Hollis as well as Jewel Mayhew. This time I'm not going to wait for you to come across; I've got a few ideas of my own.

He goes out angrily shutting the door. Harry turns to the Sheriff with an expression of bland amazement.

HARRY
What an extraordinary fellow.

He shrugs and the Sheriff grins.

DISSOLVE TO:

328 EXT. - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

LOW ANGLE - LONG SHOT: CAMERA TRACKS IN. The house lies in darkness with just a single light burning in one of the upper rooms.

329 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT: Charlotte stands in the doorway gazing expressionlessly into the room.

330 CHARLOTTE'S POV

An open suitcase lies on the bed. Miriam crosses from the wardrobe with some of Charlotte's bits and pieces which she puts into the suitcase. As if becoming aware of Charlotte's gaze, she looks up at CAMERA just a shade uneasily.

MIRIAM
(as if in justification)
Well somebody's got to do your packing. You don't want to leave all your things behind, do you?

331 TWO SHOT

Charlotte continues to gaze at her wordlessly for a moment or two, then turns and leaves the room without closing the door. Miriam pauses for a moment but then shrugs and goes on with the packing.

CUT TO:

332 INT. - STAIRS AND HALL - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Charlotte comes down stairs, moving very slowly and looking all around with a sad, slightly bemused expression, as if she was seeing it all for the last time.

333 NEW ANGLE

Charlotte crosses the hall, pauses, then moves toward the library.

334 INT. - LIBRARY - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

LOW ANGLE: The portrait of Big Sam Hollis looks down stonily.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
(whispering)
Father...?

335 REVERSE SHOT

CHARLOTTE
Poppa I tried to keep the house for you. But they're tearing it down - don't be angry with me - I can't help it. I've lived on here all alone all these years to protect you - even after what you did. Just because I loved John more than I loved you - didn't give you the right to murder - just to punish me. John never hurt you. He never even...

(CONTINUED)

335 CONTINUED:

Suddenly, as if in reply to her accusation, a thunderous knocking echoes through the house from the front door. Both terrified and compelled, Charlotte turns and runs out of the library.

336 INT. - HALLWAY AND STAIRS

As Charlotte comes out of the library and runs toward the front door, the knocking continues and Miriam appears at the head of the stairs, carrying a large box in her arms.

MIRIAM
Charlotte...!

337 REVERSE SHOT

Charlotte continues unheedingly to the front door and throws it open.

338 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte peers out into the darkness, and reacts with alarm.

339 CHARLOTTE'S POV

A dark figure looms up fromthe shadows of the veranda.

340 REVERSE SHOT

CLOSE SHOT: Charlotte's hand goes to her mouth in terror.

341 CHARLOTTE'S POV

BIG CLOSEUP: Paul Marchand's flash camera looks like some enormous, dead eye.

PAUL (O.S.)
Hold it, baby...

He explodes the bulb.

342 BIG CLOSEUP - CHARLOTTE'S EYES

The lights burst on them.

FAST CUT TO:

343 CLOSE SHOT - THE CAMERA - CHARLOTTE'S POV

The exploding light, IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED by blackness. Paul Marchand's face appears hazily, as seen by Charlotte's light-dazed eyes, between the constantly repeated flashing of his strobe-light.

344 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

Putting up a hand to shield her eyes from any further attack from the camera, she wheels about and goes back toward the door and into the house.

345 INT. - ENTRY - ANGLE SHOT UP THE STAIRS TO THE LANDING - MIRIAM - NIGHT

She is now at the head of the stairs, the boxes still in her arms.

MIRIAM
Charlotte...!

346 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

She slams the door closed, leans back on it, looks up toward Miriam, her eyes still dazed.

347 ANGLE SHOT - MIRIAM - AS BEFORE - CHARLOTTE'S POV

Miriam, seen in a hazed blur, looking down anxiously toward Charlotte. The haze swiftly begins to clear.

MIRIAM
Charlotte -- what is it?

348 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

Blinking to clear her sight.

349 CLOSER SHOT OF MARIAM

She starts down, then remember the box, she turns to put it down. It slips from her grasp. The lid comes loose, drops away. There is something -- something -- inside the box.

350 VERY CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

A new alarm begins for her, then, suddenly a shock of terror.

351 DIRECTORS SEQUENCE: A SERIES OF FAST CUTS:
thru
365 ZOOMAR - THE HEAD

The severed head of John Mayhew appears in the box, turning, falling free.

(CONTINUED)

351 thru 365 CONTINUED:

VERY CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

Shock becomes terror. She stares mouth agape, trying to scream.

SHOT OF STAIRS - HEAD - CHARLOTTE'S POV

It drops onto the stairs, and starts to roll down.

SHOT OF CHARLOTTE - WIDER ANGLE

Pressing against the door, as if forcing herself into it and away from the terrible thing descending upon her.

SHOT OF HEAD

Descending, it bounces to the bottom of the stairs.

CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

Her face contorted with horror, looking down at the head.

CLOSE SHOT - THE HEAD - CHARLOTTE'S POV

It rolls toward her, comes to a stop, the dead eyes staring up at her.

SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

She closes her eyes tight, and finally, the scream comes, piercing, horrifying, an animal scream of mortal terror. And then it leaves her and she faints.

As she slips down out of sight we go to:

A BLACK FRAME

FADE IN:

366 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT: A HAND moves INTO FRAME and places a hypodermic syringe on the bedside table alongside a couple of expended ampoules. PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Drew as he straightens up and looks down at Charlotte, who lies in bed, sleeping and heavily drugged. Drew bends down solicitously and raises Charlotte's eyelid with his thumb. There is no reaction.

MIRIAM (OVER)

How is she?

DREW

She'll keep.

He turns away.

367 TWO SHOT

Drew moves towards Miriam, who stands at the foot of the bed.

DREW
You'd better get rid of this.

He picks up the cardboard box, which his body has obscured from CAMERA.

368 CLOSE SHOT

The box contains John Mayhew's "head", a realistic looking, rubberized plastic.

369 RESUME SCENE

Miriam turns away in disgust and Drew smiles sympathetically.

DREW
It's almost too real, isn't it.

He takes a last look at the "head".

MIRIAM
(ironically)
Your artist friend in New Orleans has quite a talent.

DREW
(replacing the lid)
And a minimum of curiosity.

He starts to move away, and Miriam glances back at Charlotte.

MIRIAM
D'you think it's done the job?

Drew follows her gaze with professional detachment.

DREW
Oh, not quite. As a matter of fact, one could probably achieve the rest with this drug, but the effect wouldn't be permanent, and besides, it's chemically traceable.

MIRIAM
(uneasily)
Then we'll have to go through with the rest?

Drew smiles at her reassuringly. He seems suddenly to have sloughed off his subdued, tentative manner and to have become the stronger of the two.

(CONTINUED)

369 CONTINUED:

DREW
Don't worry; after the last phase of the "treatment" there won't be a doctor in Louisiana that wouldn't certify her. Establishing your right to handle the estate shouldn't require more than a matter of days.

He turns away and hefts the cardboard box carelessly so that the contents rattle ominously.

DISSOLVE TO:

370 INT. - DARKROOM - HOLLISPORT - NIGHT - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT: A dimly lit picture of Charlotte with her hand raised to her mouth in terror, swims mistily towards CAMERA. It takes us several moments to realize that this is the still photograph that Paul Marchand took at Hollis House. Light suddenly floods the picture and we see the photograph swimming in its bath of fixative on the darkroom table.

371 MEDIUM SHOT

Paul takes his hand from the light-switch, whips the photograph out of the bath and holds it up for Harry to see.

PAUL
(enthusiastically)
Man, I really put one over on you this time.

Harry takes the picture from him and gazes at it with distaste.

HARRY
(ironically)
You certainly did.

Nevertheless, he continues to look at the picture, unpleasantly fascinated by what he sees.

HARRY
(flatly)
You seem to have succeeded in terrifying her out of her wits.

PAUL
(cheerfully proud)
Yeah - how about that!

He takes the picture from Harry and attaches it to a bull-dog clip.

(CONTINUED)

371 CONTINUED:

HARRY
(mildly)
Does it ever occur to you that there are some things that shouldn't be photographed?

Paul turns in the act of hanging the picture from a hook on the shelf above the work-bench. His puzzled expression gives way to one of understanding.

PAUL
Huh...? Oh sure, you mean - like, dirty pictures?

HARRY
Yes, Paul. What's your idea of a dirty picture?

He starts to turn away. Paul looks baffled.

372 CLOSE SHOT

The picture of Charlotte, staring in terror at the camera, swings gently on its hook.

DISSOLVE TO:

373 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY - STUDIO

Charlotte is in bed. The drug of the previous night still has her in its grip. Her reactions are slow, labored. At the sound of Miriam's voice, she looks around to the door.

MIRIAM
Good morning, Charlotte...

Miriam is across the room, putting down a breakfast tray. Charlotte looks at her questioningly.

CHARLOTTE
Where -- where's Velma?

Miriam comes to the bed to help Charlotte up into a sitting position.

MIRIAM
You let her go yesterday...

CHARLOTTE
Let her go?

MIRIAM
You fired her. You're not going to need her any longer.

(CONTINUED)

373 CONTINUED:

Charlotte considers this with some doubt.

CHARLOTTE
I don't remember... I had such a terrible dream...

MIRIAM
I know. You'll stop having them once you're away from here. Now eat your breakfast and I'll come back later to see how you are.

Miriam leaves the room.

374 EXT. - LANDING - SHOT OF MIRIAM - DAY

She comes from the room. As she does, there is a small crash from downstairs. She hurries across to the balustrade and looks down.

375 HIGH SHOT - ENTRY, SEEN FROM LANDING - MIRIAM'S POV

There is nothing; the house is quiet.

376 RETURN TO MIRIAM

She goes to stairs and down, watching carefully before her.

377 INT. - LIBRARY - DAY

Velma listens breathlessly as she hides behind the partially open library door.

378 INT. - LOWER HALLWAY - SHOT OF MIRIAM - DAY

She comes to the bottom of the steps, and starts back watchfully along the hallway. Halfway along, beside one of the packing crates on the floor, there is a small vase. It has fallen and is broken. She stops, looks at it, glances around. Seeing that the library door is slightly open, she hesitates for a moment, but then goes on along the hall towards the kitchen.

379 NEW ANGLE

Velma appears in the library doorway, peers out in the direction of the kitchen. Assured by sounds from that direction that Miriam is there, she comes quickly out into the hall and hurries toward the stairs.

380 REVERSE SHOT

She crosses the entry and starts up the stairs.

381 NEW ANGLE

Miriam appears from the kitchen with a dust-pan and broom. She bends to sweep up the broken vase.

382 INT. - UPPER HALLWAY -DAY

Velma emerges at top of stairs, crosses to Charlotte's door, pauses and then opens it and looks inside.

VELMA
(whispering)
Miss Charlotte... ?

She goes in.

383 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY - STUDIO

Velma creeps into the room and softly closes the door. Charlotte is lying back against her pillow, with the breakfast tray still untouched in front of her. She looks up at Velma in dull surprise, evidently heavily drugged.

CHARLOTTE
Velma... ? I thought...

Velma casts her a quick glance and moves to the bedside table, where she picks up the ampoule from which Drew filled his hypodermic syringe. She examines the label with all the suspicion of the semi-illiterate.

VELMA
What have they been giving you? That's some kind of drug, ain't it?

Charlotte gazes dumbly at the ampoule in Velma's hand, unable to reply. Velma moves impatiently;puts ampoule in her pocket and lifts the tray off the bed.

CHARLOTTE
(confused)
I thought you'd gone...

Velma puts the tray on the bedside table and turns to Charlotte.

VELMA
(whispering fiercely)
So I was. They kicked me out; Miss Miriam and your friend Drew Bayliss.
(she pulls back the bed-clothes as if to take Charlotte out of bed)
I told that Mr. Wills, he wouldn't listen.

Charlotte watches in confusion as Velma hurries over to the closet and comes back with a coat and slippers.

VELMA
Come on, now. I'm gonna take you out of here.

OVERSCENE: The sound of Miriam ascending the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

383 CONTINUED:

Velma pauses to listen, drops the coat and slippers on the bed, replaces the bedclothes and quickly puts the tray back on Charlotte's lap.

VELMA
You hush now!

She looks round desperately, then grabs the coat and slippers and scurries back to the closet.

384 INT. UPPER HALLWAY AND CHARLOTTE'S DOOR - DAY - STUDIO

Miriam approaches the door and opens it without knocking.

385 INT. - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY - STUDIO

MIRIAM'S POV: Charlotte is sitting up in bed, staring at CAMERA.

386 NEW ANGLE

Miriam pauses, then moves over to bed with a reassuring smile.

MIRIAM
You'll be able to eat something later.
I'll take this away.

She moves to take the tray and reacts.

387 CLOSE SHOT

MIRIAM'S POV: The bedside table on which the ampoule was lying.

388 RESUME SCENE

Miriam looks questioningly at Charlotte, whose confused, drugged state betrays nothing. Miriam removes the tray. She crosses the room, puts the tray down on the bureau and comes back to the bed.

MIRIAM
(adjusting pillow)
Is there anything you want before I leave?

Charlotte shakes her head dumbly.

MIRIAM
I'll look in on you later. Get some rest.

She glances round the room, as if to check that everything is in its place, then crosses to retrieve the breakfast tray, and goes on out, closing the door behind her.

389 NEW ANGLE

Still clutching the coat and slippers, Velma appears from the closet and moves quickly to the bed. Charlotte lies drowsily against the pillows.

VELMA
Come on now, Missy, you gotta wake up.

Velma starts to pull her into a sitting position and Charlotte shakes her head in feeble protest.

CHARLOTTE
(frighteningly loud)
No... Velma... No...

VELMA
Hush now...

She forces her to sit on the edge of the bed and tries to help her on with the coat. Then, looking up toward the door, she lets go so that Charlotte falls back across the bed.

390 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE DOOR, MIRIAM

Velma straightens, in surprise. At first she is fearful, then defiant.

MIRIAM
You just can't keep hogs from the trough, can you?

VELMA
I come to get my things.

Miriam looks toward Charlotte collapsed on the bed.

MIRIAM
Is my cousin one of your things...?

VELMA
I'm taking her outa here -- away from you...

Miriam crosses forcefully to her, grabs her by the arm and, before she can defend herself, shoves her toward the door.

MIRIAM
All you're taking out of here is you!

She propels her roughly out the door.

391 INT. LANDING AND STAIRS - MIRIAM, VELMA - DAY

Miriam shoves Velma so hard she staggers into the balustrade, and seems for a moment in danger of falling over.

392 CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

There is a kind of exultation in her face, and we see for the first time that there is an underlying sadism in her, a thirst for violence. It is the side of her nature she has kept hidden, the side she greatly fears herself.

293 ANOTHER ANGLE - MIRIAM, VELMA

Velma, not yet frightened, faces around to Miriam in blazing fury.

VELMA
So you're finally showin' your right face, ain't you. I seen it all the time. That's some kind of drug you're feeding her in there --

She takes the ampoule from her pocket and holds it up in triumphant accusation.

VELMA (CONT'D)
You're makin' her act the way she has been. I'm goin' right back into town and tell them.

Miriam moves back close to a small chair, near the wall. Velma stops and backs away warily toward the stairs, sensing Miriam's deadly turn of mind. She whirls toward the steps, just as Miriam picks up the chair and lifting it over her head rushes forward to hurl it down upon her.

394 SHOT OF MIRIAM

At the head of the stairs, crashing the chair down on Velma.

395 ANGLE SHOT - LOOKING UP THE STAIRS - VELMA

Velma has stopped to look back, and this is her undoing. The chair comes down, full in her face. She cries out, falls.

396 ANGLE SHOT, LOOKING DOWN THE STAIRS-VELMA-MIRIAM'S POV

She falls all the way to the bottom of the stairs, hitting them hard on the way down.

397 VERY CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

Horror, realization coming into her face. Her hands go to her mouth, to strangle a rising scream. She stands very still for a moment, immobilized by her own terrible act.

398 ANGLE SHOT - DOWN THE STAIRS - VELMA'S BODY - MIRIAM'S POV

Velma lies in a loose sprawl, quite still, unquestionably dead.

399 REVERSE SHOT

LOW ANGLE: Staring as if mesmerized, Miriam starts down, her gaze on Velma, as if fearful that she might rise up out of death and reproach her. Miriam comes to the bottom of the stairs and stops, her eyes riveted on Velma.

400 LONG SHOT: HIGH ANGLE

For a long moment Miriam stands quite still, staring down at Velma, who lies at her feet. The two of them a frozen tableau. Then, as Miriam breaks away and backs off toward the library, CAMERA CRANES DOWN slowly into CLOSE SHOT of Velma lying on her back, her head twisted and her dead eyes staring off to one side.

OVERSCENE: The sound of Miriam using the telephone in the library.

MIRIAM (OVER)
(weakly)
Dr. Bayliss, please...
(a bit stronger)
Yes, Bayliss...and hurry -- please hurry...

CAMERA RESTS ON BIG CLOSE SHOT of Velma's body.

LONG DISSOLVE:

401 EXT. JAMES BROS. FUNERAL HOME - HOLLISPORT - EVENING
STUDIO LOT

LONG SHOT: The Sheriff's car and two others are parked in front of the building. The Deputy Sheriff, chatting to Harry Wills, stands with his foot resting casually on the front bumper of his car. The door of the funeral home opens and three men, the CORONER, the FUNERAL DIRECTOR, and the Sheriff come out.

402 MED. SHOT

The Funeral Director remains in the doorway while the Sheriff accompanies the Coroner to his car. Harry makes a gesture to the Deputy Sheriff, as if to say "excuse me" and moves to join the Funeral Director, who is still watching the departure of the Coroner.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
(looking up with a grin)
Hi, Mr. Wills -- bet this is the first time you've ever seen the County Coroner operate out of a funeral parlor, eh?

HARRY
It is a bit different where I come from.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
It is a bit different most places. But a town this size--well, it's handy.

HARRY
I just heard at the newspaper office. It was Miss Cruther he was seeing, wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

402 CONTINUED:

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Yes, that's right. She certainly had a nasty accident.
(smiling)
You want to see her?

HARRY
(swiftly)
Thank you, no.

The Funeral Director turns to walk back into his office, and Harry follows him.

403 INT. FUNERAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

There is a desk, a number of chairs, and along one wall a display of coffins. The Funeral Director walks in and moves slowly along the row of coffins, examining them casually as if perhaps he were looking for something suitable in the case of Velma Cruther. Harry glances around soberly before speaking to the preoccupied Funeral Director.

HARRY
May I ask how it happened?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
(turning to face Harry)
Seems she fell from a ladder. I guess she must have been fixing the roof -- don't know why -- that roof out at her place just naturally let in rain; has for years.

HARRY
(faintly surprised)
You mean this happened at Miss Cruther's home?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
I dunno that you'd call it a home exactly, but sure - right in her own back yard.

HARRY
I see...
(casually)
Who found her?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
(still examining his coffins)
Couldn't tell you--I guess it must have been one of her neighbors. But it was Dr. Bayliss brought her in.
(he prattles on unaware of Harry's reaction)
She certainly took quite a fall. Broken neck--severe skull fracture--must've gone out like a light.

HARRY (dryly)
That's nice.

(CONTINUED)

403 CONTINUED:

The Funeral Director shrugs almost imperceptibly and continues to examine his stock.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Well, I guess I better pick something out for her. I doubt there'll be anyone else coming to do it.

HARRY
When will the funeral take place?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Tomorrow be as good a time as any. Woman like Velma Cruther--I don't imagine it'll be much of a public event.
(unctuously)
Still...there's a kind of dignity in death.

HARRY
(blankly)
There is? I can't say I've ever noticed it. But of course I don't have your experience.

He pulls a bill from his pocket and places it gently on the cheap coffin that the Funeral Director has just pulled forward from the shelf.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I wonder if you'd be good enough to arrange for some flowers--whatever seems appropriate.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
(surprised)
Why certainly, Mr. Wills. Anything you say.

HARRY
Thank you.

There is a bemused expression on the Funeral Director's face as he watches Harry leave the office.

DISSOLVE TO:

404 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT - STUDIO

Drew is looking up at the portrait of Sam Hollis. He glances around briefly, then back again as Miriam comes into the room and crosses to him.

(CONTINUED)

404 CONTINUED:

DREW
(a dry chuckle)
He was always fighting to keep two things; his daughter and his money.

MIRIAM
Now he's going to lose both.

Drew continues to gaze up at the picture, still fascinated by the personality, whose power has stretched over the years.

DREW
(almost whimsical)
You've got to hand it to him, though. He held on to both of them an awfully long time. I suppose in a way he has Charlotte to thank for that. If she hadn't deluded herself into believing that it was Old Sam who killed John Mayhew, she might never have stayed here guarding that so-called secret. She might have gone off and spent the entire fortune.

Miriam has waited distractedly for him to finish, and now she plucks at his sleeve.

MIRIAM
Drew...Are you sure it's all right?

DREW
(feigning bewilderment)
Sure what's all right?

MIRIAM
(distractedly)
Don't make fun of me...

DREW
(a faint smile)
Oh, you mean Velma. Well, of course it's all right. Nobody's ever going to know it wasn't an accident - except me, of course... Which rather tends to make me the "senior partner" in our little enterprise, doesn't it.

She looks up at him challengingly, but his gaze remains steady and she is the first to break off.

MIRIAM
(subdued)
Charlotte's still asleep; d'you want me to give her anything else?

(CONTINUED)

404 CONTINUED: (2)

DREW
No. I think she'll do very nicely as she is.
(he glances at his watch)
I'd better put in an appearance in town.

He turns to go and puts a hand on Miriam's shoulder. His words are bantering, but there is a force in his tone that is not to be denied.

DREW (CONT'D)
Don't start weakening now, Miriam.
This could be my last chance of acquiring the wealth to which I'd like to be accustomed.

She takes his hand and presses it against her cheek in a gesture of reassurance, but Drew seems unmoved. He withdraws his hand, nods and turns away.

DREW
See you.

Miriam nods and he leaves the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

405 INT. CHARLOTTE'S ROOM - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

The scene appears with a faint striking of discordant notes on the harpsichord.

Charlotte is in bed. The light is very dim. There is a feeling of lateness. The CAMERA MOVES IN for a CLOSE SHOT of Charlotte. She stirs faintly in her sleep, frowns as if at some dream image, so that when we hear the sounds and words that follow we are not certain whether they are real or only heard in Charlotte's troubled imagination:

A single, male voice sings very faintly:

SINGING VOICE (O.S.)
Sweet Charlotte, my Charlotte,
Of the sweet, loving ways.
I'll count all your graces,
For all of my days.
I'll give you my heart,
To hold in your hand.
In exchange for your smile,
I'm yours to command...

(CONTINUED)

405 CONTINUED:

Through the above, Charlotte, moaning, starts to come awake.

SINGING VOICE (O.S.)
Oh Charlotte, sweet Charlotte...

The voice breaks off and suddenly, in a hushed, harsh whisper, calls:

VOICE (O.S.)
Charlotte!

Charlotte comes instantly awake and sits up in bed. As she does, the CAMERA PULLS BACK for a WIDER SHOT. Charlotte looks around dazedly. There is silence and then, from the direction of the open door:

VOICE (O.S.)
(very softly, echoing)
Charlotte...

Charlotte looks toward the door.

406 SHOT OF DOOR - CHARLOTTE'S POV

It is dark. We see it vaguely, as Charlotte must see it coming suddenly awake from a drugged sleep.

407 RETURN TO CHARLOTTE

A moment's hesitation and then shoving the covers aside, she gets out of bed. She falters a bit, getting to her feet, steadies herself and looks around toward the door.

408 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE DOORWAY

The voice comes from there, even more softly now:

VOICE (O.S.)
(whispering, almost
playful)
Charlotte...

Charlotte crosses slowly to the door, stops and looks out into the hallway.

409 INT. LANDING - UPPER HALLWAY - CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

The only light there is the diffused, distant light coming from Miriam's room. Charlotte, in the doorway, looks first toward the stairs, then back toward Miriam's room.

410 SHOT OF DOOR TO MIRIAM'S ROOM - CHARLOTTE'S POV

Vaguely defined, hazy, unreal. The voice when it speaks this time is Miriam's, more definitely than the man's voice, so that we may feel she may actually be there.

(CONTINUED)

410 CONTINUED:

MIRIAM'S VOICE (O.S.)

Charlotte?

411 RESUME SCENE

Blinking to clear her vision, she starts across the hall toward Miriam's room, her expression puzzled, questioning. At the open doorway, she stops, looks in.

412 SHOT OF MIRIAM'S ROOM - CHARLOTTE'S POV - NIGHT

The bed is turned back, but Miriam is not there.

413 RESUME SCENE

Suddenly from behind, echoing up from the lower regions of the house is a "run" of musical notes from the harpsichord. Charlotte turns and moves back the way she came.

414 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

She comes from Miriam's room, and moves back to the landing. Here she stops.

CHARLOTTE
(a whisper)

John...?

Very faintly there is the sound of the harpsichord. Charlotte moves across to the stairs, peers down the well to the entry.

415 HIGH ANGLE - CHARLOTTE'S POV

It is very dark, except for the moonlight coming through the windows beside the front door. The music of the harpsichord echoes upward with eerie uncertainty.

416 RESUME SCENE

Charlotte strains forward.

CHARLOTTE
(a whisper)

John?

The music stops abruptly.

CHARLOTTE
(alarmed)

No...Wait! John, don't go!

She hurries down the stairs.

417 INT. HALL AND DOORS OF MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

As Charlotte hurries across the hall towards the music room, the harpsichord starts again, this time more distinctly. She stops, her hands clasped before her in a girlish ecstasy of expectation. Her gaze is drawn to the bottom of the doors.

418 NEW ANGLE - CHARLOTTE'S POV

A flood of light shines out through the bottom of the doors, and suddenly, as the music of the harpsichord is transformed into that of a full orchestra, the shadows of a host of dancers begin to move back and forth in rhythm to the music. There is a babble of voices and laughter.

419 RESUME SCENE

Charlotte stands perfectly still, immobilized by joy. Then, very suddenly, she reaches out to throw open the doors. The light from inside floods out upon her, but the music and sound stop abruptly.

420 INT. MUSIC ROOM - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Charlotte moves into the silent, empty room, looking around in bewilderment.

CHARLOTTE

John:

The room remains completely silent. Charlotte moves quickly toward the harpsichord in the corner.

421 MED. CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte stops by the harpsichord and with one finger, starts picking out her song, the Sweet Charlotte theme. She breaks off, to pull out the stool as if intending to sit down and play properly, when her attention is caught by something lying on the piano stool.

422 CHARLOTTE'S POV

CLOSE SHOT: The small, pearl-handled revolver lying on the stool.

423 RESUME SCENE

Surprised and bewildered, Charlotte bends to pick up the revolver. She holds it up in her hands as if it were worthy of intense scrutiny.

424 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE'S POV

The white, finely worked, pearl-handle of the revolver.

OVERSCENE: The music of the orchestra starts again.

The outlines of the revolver begin to blur and become hazy.

425 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

As she hears the music and the first sounds of gaiety and laughter, Charlotte's face breaks into a happy smile. She looks down at her hands.

426 CHARLOTTE'S POV

She is now holding an exact duplicate of the nosegay that she had at the dance in 1927.

427 RESUME SCENE

CLOSE SHOT: Charlotte starts to turn her head very slowly, as if she were afraid that whatever is happening behind her might suddenly vanish.

428 NEW ANGLE

MED. SHOT: Charlotte still has her back to the music room and CAMERA. Suddenly, as if unable to bear the tension a moment longer, she whirls around to face CAMERA. The sounds of music and laughter break off abruptly again.

429 CHARLOTTE'S POV

FULL SHOT: The music room looks just as it did the night of the ball, except that everyone we see, other than Charlotte, John Mayhew and later, Sam Hollis, is wearing a mask. All the dancers are there, the orchestra, the older guests. But they are all perfectly motionless, frozen in time and memory. There is no sign of Big Sam Hollis, but John Mayhew stands just inside the door with his hand outstretched toward CAMERA as if in invitation.

430 NEW ANGLE

Charlotte, her nightgown now transformed into the original ball gown, moves forward eagerly. The scene around her remains static until the moment her hand touches John's. At this, the music bursts forth again, the dance resumes and the music room echoes with laughter and gaiety. John sweeps Charlotte along into the waltz.

431 FULL SHOT

The music room with John and Charlotte whirling around amongst the other dancers. The music swells up.

432 MED. SHOT

As John and Charlotte continue to waltz, oblivious of everything except each other, we notice the other couples beginning to melt away, until finally, John and Charlotte are dancing on their own - still unaware that anything is amiss. The music slowly begins to fade. Noticing this, John falters, and as he turns to look at CAMERA, the music dies away completely. He stops and reacts first with uneasy bewilderment and then with fright.

433 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte's reaction as she looks at John.

434 NEW ANGLE

John disengages himself from Charlotte and starts to back away towards the French windows, his eyes riveted on CAMERA. Charlotte turns to follow his gaze.

435 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte's reaction of fear.

436 CHARLOTTE'S POV

The dancers have melted away to the very edges of the room in order to clear a path for Sam Hollis, who stands by the open doors of the ballroom and stares at CAMERA in a smoldering rage. Without a word he begins to advance on CAMERA.

437 MED. SHOT - SAM HOLLIS' POV

Charlotte turns from CAMERA to look at John, who has backed away to the French doors.

CHARLOTTE
Wait! Don't go... Please don't go.

But John's eyes are still riveted on CAMERA and suddenly with a cry of fear he turns, bursts open the French windows and staggers out into the night.

438 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte stares into the darkness for a moment, then turns to face her father. She reacts with shocked surprise.

439 CHARLOTTE'S POV

The ballroom is quite empty and silent.

440 RESUME SCENE

Charlotte takes a few steps as if to chase the vanished apparitions, then stops. She turns wildly to her right.

441 SHOT OF WALL, MIRRORS - CHARLOTTE'S POV

In a sweeping view and with the sound of repeated crashing, we see that the mirrors are broken again.

442 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She whirls to look in the other direction.

443 SHOT OF WALLS, MIRRORS - WHIRLING - CHARLOTTE'S POV

Repeat crashes and views of broken mirrors. The CAMERA COMES TO AN ABRUPT HOLD. There is silence.

444 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She is lost, frightened. The light flickers and she looks up. Her ball-gown has turned back into a nightgown and the nosegay is once again a revolver. She looks down in bewilderment as she registers the transformation of her dress.

445 SHOT OF CHANDELIERS

Just beginning to go dim and (continuing to dim through the following:)

446 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

She catches a glimpse of something from the corner of her eye, and slowly, very slowly, turns to look toward the French doors.

447 SHOT OF JOHN - CHARLOTTE'S POV

He stands in the open doorway, smiling as before, evidently waiting for her. The lights are noticeably dimmer by now.

448 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

She smiles and runs to him, comes to a position just in front of him, makes a deep curtsey. He starts to bow to her and to hold out his hand.

449 VERY CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

Her expression freezes into one of sudden terror, and she screams; no sound comes from her mouth at first.

450 SHOT OF JOHN - CHARLOTTE'S POV

The "hand" he holds out to her is a bloody stump, and he no longer has a head.

451 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

Silently screaming. As the light fades altogether, the sound of her scream, at its peak is heard, ear-splitting and shocking, she juts the gun out and fires.

452 CLOSE SHOT - THE GUN

Firing again and again.

453 CLOSER SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

She is silent staring in the moonlight.

454 SHOT OF FIGURE

It falls heavily and quite realistically on its face in the flood of moonlight coming in at the door.

455 INT. LOWER HALLWAY - NIGHT - STUDIO

Miriam comes to bottom of stairs and runs back toward the music room

456 ANOTHER ANGLE - MIRIAM

She runs to the music room, pauses, hurries on inside.

457 INT. MUSIC ROOM - MIRIAM - NIGHT

She enters the room, goes to the light switch and turns on the lights. She turns quickly to see what has happened.

458 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE, FIGURE ON FLOOR IN B.G. - MIRIAM'S POV

Charlotte stands, the gun in her hand, immobilized with shock. Just inside one of the open French windows is sprawled the figure of a man, but this man has a head. He is sprawled face down.

459 SHOT OF MIRIAM

She runs forward to Charlotte, looks down at the man.

MIRIAM
Charlotte...!

Charlotte, lost in shock, is unhearing, unmoving.

MIRIAM
Who...?

She breaks off, and her expression tells us that she already knows who it is. She moves convulsively forward, drops to her knees beside the man. She reaches out, hesitates, then turns him over so that we can see his face.

460 CLOSE SHOT - DREW

His face is torn and lifeless, oozing blood.

461 SHOT OF MIRIAM

She pulls back in revulsion, then with a muted moan hunches down in a seizure of shock.

462 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

Seeing Drew, she makes a small whimpering sound. The gun drops from her hand.

463 SHOT OF MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

She looks up at Charlotte, her face contorted with hatred. When she speaks, her voice comes in a harsh rasp.

MIRIAM
You -- idiot! You -- wretched -- idiot!

She rises slowly. She looks down at Drew's bleeding face, and then moves toward Charlotte.

MIRIAM
(quiet, deadly)
He's dead. You killed him.

She comes close to Charlotte. It seems certain she will strike out but she manages, somehow, not to. Instead, she turns away, moves down the length of the room and into the hallway.

Charlotte stares dazedly and then down again at Drew's body.

464 INT. LIBRARY - MIRIAM - NIGHT

She enters, stops. Taking in a deep breath, she crosses to the phone. She reaches out to pick it up.

465 INT. MUSIC ROOM - CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

She turns, looks back toward the hall. Then, coming suddenly to life, she runs, calling out breathlessly.

CHARLOTTE
Miriam...!

466 INT. LIBRARY - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

Miriam has the receiver in her hand now and has started to dial. Hearing Charlotte's approach, she hesitates, turns toward the door.

467 NEW ANGLE - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

Charlotte comes to Miriam, her gaze going from Miriam's face to the phone. When she speaks, it is in a hush of fright!

CHARLOTTE
Miriam--please don't tell--Please don't tell anybody--I didn't know what I was doing... Please don't have the police come here... Not like when John was murdered.

Miriam stares at her a long moment, engaged evidently in some fierce inner struggle. Her expression relaxes a little.

(CONTINUED)

467 CONTINUED:

MIRIAM
(tonelessly)
But you've killed Drew --

CHARLOTTE
It will be like it was before -- People staring at me -- hating me --

MIRIAM
But we can't just pretend it never happened.

CHARLOTTE
Why do you think I've stayed here in the house? Do you know what it's like with hate everywhere? You can feel it. They'll kill me -- they'll take me away and they'll kill me.
(she takes Miriam's hand)
Miriam -- don't you hate me too...

MIRIAM
Please, Charlotte, please don't...

Miriam starts to edge away from Charlotte, but Charlotte presses close after her, pleading with her.

CHARLOTTE
Miriam -- Miriam, I didn't mean to kill him. The gun was there in my hand -- and when I saw him...he scared me so...he looked horrible...It was just like...

She breaks off, and Miriam gives her a sharp look.

MIRIAM
Just like what, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE
The dream -- Just like that night in the summer house -- and the night the mirrors were all smashed -- the mirrors -- don't tell anybody -- don't let them come here. I couldn't stand it. I just couldn't.

Miriam stands looking at her in evident distress.

MIRIAM
Charlotte -- don't!

(CONTINUED)

467 CONTINUED: (2)

Charlotte puts out a hand to Miriam in the terrible supplication of a needful child.

CHARLOTTE
We'll do away with the body. We'll hide it somewhere -- and they'll think someone else did it! We'll go away -- like we planned. I have lots of money. I'll give it to you -- all of it.

Miriam lowers phone onto cradle.

MIRIAM
I wish to God I'd never come here.

She looks back at Charlotte as if doubting the course that she herself has selected.

468 MIRIAM'S POV

Charlotte is slumped in the chair, withdrawn and wretched.

469 REVERSE SHOT

Miriam hesitates for a moment, and then, as if arriving at an irrevocable decision, turns and goes out of the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

470 OMITTED

471 INT. LOWER HALLWAY, ENTRY - SHOT TOWARD MUSIC ROOM - CHARLOTTE, MIRIAM, DREW'S BODY - NIGHT

They appear dragging a rolled and bound rug, containing Drew's body. As they come into view, Charlotte lets go and turns away, about to be ill. Miriam turns to her furiously.

MIRIAM
(sternly)
Charlotte... !

Charlotte turns back, forces herself to resume. Slowly, determinedly, they continue along the hall toward the entry. They bring the rug to the foot of the stairs and drop it. As they do, one limp hand drops out into view at Charlotte's end, and she steps back in fright. Miriam looks from the hand to Charlotte, and then steeling herself, crosses around, lifts the hand back and up inside the rug.

472 CLOSE SHOT - END OF ROLLED CARPET - DREW'S HAND

The hand is wedged up against the topmost point of the roll, awkwardly. It slips forward just a little, then remains.

473 RESUME SCENE

MIRIAM
I'll bring the car. Turn out the lights --
Charlotte?...

CHARLOTTE
(in a daze)
Yes...

Miriam starts to the door, and just then a knock sounds briskly from the other side. Miriam freezes in place. Charlotte gives a frightened gasp. They hold for a moment. The knock comes again. Miriam looks dartingly around at Charlotte, then at the rug on the floor.

474 SHOT OF RUG - MIRIAM'S POV

Its appearance there seems not extraordinary in this disordered household--only slightly out of place.

475 RESUME SCENE

Charlotte is staring at Miriam helplessly. Miriam hurries to her, shoves her along toward the library.

MIRIAM
(an imperative whisper)
Get in there! And be still!

Charlotte goes obediently. The knock sounds again and Miriam, taking a deep breath, turns back to the door. A slight hesitation for composure, and then she opens the door.

476 EXT. - FRONT VERANDA SEEN FROM INSIDE DOORWAY - HARRY - MIRIAM'S POV - NIGHT - STUDIO

He wears his most disarming smile.

HARRY
Miss Deering, I wonder can you forgive me for stopping past at this hour? I was out driving with Mr. Marchand and I noticed the lights...

He nods back toward the drive where Paul Marchand's car appears in b.g.

CUT TO:

477 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT: Charlotte, recognizing the voice, listens with a mixture of anxiety and interest.

HARRY (O.S.)
I heard about Velma Cruther's accident today. What a terrible thing, she was such a...loyal person.

Charlotte reacts to the news of Velma's death.

CUT TO:

478 RESUME SCENE

TWO SHOT: Miriam glances distractedly over her shoulder, terrified of what Charlotte's reaction may be.

(CONTINUED)

478 CONTINUED:

HARRY (CONT'D)
(burbling on)
I felt that Miss Hollis must be terribly upset, and I was wondering if there was anything I could do?

MIRIAM
(quickly)
It's very kind of you but no, there isn't anything. Charlotte was very upset. I gave her a sedative and put her to bed.

She makes as if to start closing the door, but Harry is being very obtuse.

CUT TO:

479 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Huddled in the shadows Charlotte seems about to react actively to the conversation outside, when her attention is drawn to the end of the rug.

480 SHOT OF ROLLED RUG, HAND - CHARLOTTE'S POV

The hand moves forward again, stops.

MIRIAM
It was a dreadful shock for her -- it's been difficult...

481 SHOT OF HARRY - SEEN FROM A POINT JUST BEHIND MIRIAM

HARRY
I'm terribly sorry. Please give her my sympathy.

His gaze reaches past Miriam to the rug.

482 REVERSE SHOT - MIRIAM - SEEN FROM OUTSIDE, CLOSE BEHIND HARRY

Her gaze starts to follow his, but she checks it.

MIRIAM
I'm sorry I can't ask you in, but...

HARRY
It's late, I know...and I should have called. It was just that we were passing... You understand.

Miriam's expression is getting more strained by the moment.

(CONTINUED)

482 CONTINUED:

MIRIAM
Yes, of course. Thank you, Mr. Wills -- good night...

483 REVERSE SHOT - HARRY - MIRIAM'S POV

Again his gaze moves down to the rug...

484 SHOT OF MIRIAM - FROM OUTSIDE, PAST HARRY'S SHOULDER

Miriam is closing the door.

HARRY
Oh, by the way...

Miriam hesitates, stops.

MIRIAM
Yes?

HARRY
I understand you'll be leaving this house within a matter of days now -- you and your cousin...

485 INT. LIBRARY - CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

In an agony of apprehension, watching the rug. Glancing across at Miriam.

MIRIAM (O.S.)
Well, of course our plans are indefinite now...

486 SHOT OF THE RUG - CHARLOTTE'S POV

The hand moves, is on the verge of dropping.

HARRY (O.S.)
Naturally, they would be...

487 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

She looks toward Miriam, is about to call out despite herself. She looks back at the rug.

MIRIAM (O.S.)
Mr. Wills -- you'll have to excuse me... I've got to go look in on Charlotte. Excuse me, please. Good night.

488 SHOT OF THE RUG

The hand moves free, starts to fall.

489 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE STIFLING A CRY

490 SHOT OF HARRY

He smiles at Miriam, looks beyond her.

HARRY
Good night, then...

491 REVERSE SHOT - MIRIAM, THE RUG, HARRY'S POV

The door moves closed, blocking the end of the rug from view.

492 SHOT OF RUG

The hand drops to the floor.

493 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE

In the library doorway. She cries out.

494 SHOT OF MIRIAM

leaning against the door. She turns and looks at Charlotte, then at the hand.

495 ANOTHER ANGLE - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

Miriam moves to one of the windows and looks outside.

496 EXT. THE DRIVE - PAUL'S CAR - MIRIAM'S POV - NIGHT (STUDIO)

The lights of Paul's car come on, and it moves off down the drive.

497 RETURN TO MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

Miriam turns back to Charlotte, who stares at her without comprehension. The experience of the last several hours have left Miriam haggard.

DISSOLVE TO:

498 EXT. DRIVE - FULL SHOT OF MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE, CAR - NIGHT (STUDIO)

Miriam watches as Charlotte gets hesitantly into the passenger seat, then she slams the door, crosses around to the opposite side and gets in.

499 INT. CAR - SHOT OF MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - FAVORING MIRIAM - NIGHT - STUDIO

Miriam looks over her shoulder at the rug in the back. Charlotte is sitting perfectly still, staring slightlessly ahead into the night. Miriam starts the car along the drive, without turning on the lights.

500 EXT. DRIVE - LONG SHOT - THE CAR, MIRIAM AND CHARLOTTE - NIGHT - STUDIO

It moves off in darkness toward the road.

501 INT. CAR - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Miriam is peering ahead. Charlotte turns to her slowly, as if realizing for the first time where she really is, what they are doing.

CHARLOTTE
I just don't think I can help you...

MIRIAM
(fiercely)
You can't help <u>me</u>! It's me that's helping <u>you</u>. Would you rather I washed my hands of it - called the police - is that what you want?

Charlotte shrinks back, shaking her head vehemently.

502 EXT. DRIVE, ROAD - FULL SHOT - CAR, MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT - STUDIO

as the car comes to the road.

503 INT. CAR - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

Approaching headlight beams flash in on them. There is the blare of a horn. Miriam jams on the brakes, and the lights flash by. Miriam takes a steadying breath, glances at Charlotte, turns on the lights. She pulls the car ahead and onto the road.

504 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Miriam's car moves past CAMERA and the rear lights vanish into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

505 INT. CAR - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT - LOCAL LOCATION

Miriam is driving. Charlotte is beginning to recover a bit from the numbness of shock. When she speaks, however, it is still with the voice of a wondering child.

CHARLOTTE
I must be the worst person that ever lived!
Drew...I killed Drew.

MIRIAM
(with ill-contained fury)
Will you please shut up!

She looks out more sharply, and slows down to a crawl.

506 EXT. ROADSIDE, JUNCTION - SHOT OF SIGN POST FROM INSIDE CAR - MIRIAM'S POV - NIGHT

A poorly lettered sign marking an "unofficial" country road. It says DE MARCO'S SWAMP. We have a clear view of this as the headlights pass over the face of the sign.

507 INT. CAR - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

The road becomes rougher, the driving more difficult. The rolled rug jounces about; Charlotte looks back at it. The hand rests flaccidly on the edge of the rug. Charlotte whimpers and turns her face away. Miriam, her own nerves severely strained, glances at her sharply. Unseen by either of them the hand shifts, the fingers scrabble weakly along the edge of the rug as if seeking to escape from the enveloping folds, then suddenly collapse and lie still again.

508 EXT. SIDE ROAD - FULL SHOT OF CAR - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

They are moving slowly across countryside. Through scattered brush and trees, they approach the bank of a swamp. They drive to a position beneath the embankment, and stop, lights off.

509 INT. CAR - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

They have stopped now. For a moment they are silent, unwilling to face the ordeal that lies ahead. Then Miriam turns to Charlotte. Charlotte anticipates what she is about to say:

CHARLOTTE
No...No, Miriam, I can't...I can't...
touch him.

(CONTINUED)

509 CONTINUED:

Miriam seems ready to strike her. Charlotte shrinks back.

CHARLOTTE
Miriam, don't make me do it...

Miriam switches off the lights, opens the door, and gets out.

510 EXT. THE BANK OF THE SWAMP - FULL SHOT - CAR - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

Miriam crosses around, hurls Charlotte's door open.

MIRIAM
Get out!

Charlotte draws back.

CHARLOTTE
Miriam...

Miriam grabs her by the arm, pulls her from the car.

MIRIAM
Do what I tell you...!

Charlotte stumbles forward and watches dumbly as Miriam opens the rear door of the car, reaches in and pulls the rug and the body out. As it clears, she motions to Charlotte to take the other end. Charlotte picks up the end of the rolled rug, eyes averted, carrying it so that she will not have to see the hand lolling out.

511 EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE: They haul the rug up the embankment. Charlotte loses her footing, drops the rug. Miriam waits for her to get back up. They achieve the top of the embankment, drop the rug, and stand looking down into the swamp.

512 POV SHOT

The water is littered with rotted tree trunks, branches, reeds, etc.

513 RESUME SCENE

Charlotte looks around uneasily as Miriam leans down to take hold of the rug and look up.

MIRIAM
Charlotte.

Charlotte looks around, Miriam nods to her to take the other corner. Charlotte does, and they heave it breathlessly over the edge of the embankment.

514 CLOSE SHOT OF THE RUG

As it comes into view, rolling on down the embankment, the bindings are already beginning to come adrift.

515 RESUME SCENE

A whimper from Charlotte as she staggers back.

516 POV SHOT

The rug rolls down the inner side of the embankment towards the water.

517 RESUME SCENE

Charlotte is still, staring. Miriam touches Charlotte's arm to draw her away from the sight below, and they move off toward the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

518 INT. CAR - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

They are driving back the way they came on the main road. Charlotte's crumbling composure is gone now. She is weeping into her hands. Miriam, trying to concentrate on her driving, glances angrily at Charlotte.

MIRIAM
(sharply)
Stop that now.

Charlotte lowers her hands, a new fear showing in her eyes.

CHARLOTTE
They'll be looking for him soon, Miriam.

Miriam's expression tightens and she deliberately ignores Charlotte's comment. Dangerously close to hysteria, Charlotte plucks at Miriam's sleeve, almost causing the car to swerve.

CHARLOTTE
(agitatedly)
They'll ask questions - I don't think I could lie to them. You'll have to tell them. You'll have to say I'm not fit to answer questions. They'll find out if you don't. They'll find out, Miriam. They'll find out -

Miriam's control suddenly snaps. She stamps fiercely on the brakes, slapping away Charlotte's hand as she does so.

519 EXT. MAIN ROAD - FULL SHOT - THE CAR - NIGHT

The car swerves off the pavement and comes to a jolting stop.

520 INT. CAR - SHOT OF MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

Miriam grabs Charlotte by the arm with one hand and delivers several sharp, stinging slaps with the other. Superficially it might seem like suitable treatment for an hysteric, but the look of exultation on Miriam's face indicates something more than this.

521 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte's head snaps away, thumping against the seat as the blows fall.

522 CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM

There is the threat of further and greater violence in Miriam's face as she hisses at Charlotte.

MIRIAM
Damn you - will you shut your mouth! You'll do as I tell you - and if I tell you to lie, you'll do that too. I'm not going to suffer for you again - never, do you understand!

523 NEW ANGLE

At the sound of an approaching automobile, and flash of distant headlights, Miriam stops and looks back.

524 LONG SHOT - THE ROAD, APPROACHING CAR - MIRIAM'S POV

It is coming very swiftly, its lights stabbing into the dark.

525 RESUME SCENE

Miriam looks back at the car. The stabbing lights obliquely illumine her face as it swishes by. Miriam glances contemptuously at Charlotte, who is huddled, sobbing in the corner, then restarts the engine, switches on the lights and pulls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

526 EXT. FRONT OF HOLLIS HOUSE, DRIVE - LONG SHOT - THE CAR, MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT (STAGE)

The car pulls up in front of the steps, lights off.

527 INT. CAR - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

Charlotte is silent, staring, almost catatonic. Miriam reaches across her and opens the door. Charlotte does not move.

MIRIAM
Get out! Get out, and go up to your room.

Charlotte looks uncertainly out at the house, then back at Miriam.

MIRIAM
Go ahead... I'm going to clean out the back. I'll be up in a minute.

Slowly, an automaton, Charlotte gets out.

528 ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS MIRIAM TO SHOW CHARLOTTE OUTSIDE THE CAR

She starts toward the house, then hesitates, turns back.

MIRIAM
Go on...

Charlotte turns obediently and goes up the steps.

529 EXT. VERANDA - CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

She crosses the veranda, like a sleep walker, goes to the door. Automatically, she puts the key in the lock, unlocks the door and shoves it open.

530 SHOT OF ENTRY, STAIRS, HALLWAY, CHARLOTTE'S POV

It is a cavern of darkness, hated now, forbidding.

531 INT. LOWER HALLWAY - CHARLOTTE FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE-NIGHT

She stands looking in. She turns to look back--toward freedom, escape--then back again. Slowly, she comes inside and closes the door. She reaches out and switches on the lights. She stands for a moment looking down the hall in the direction of the music room. Then she runs blindly, silently, for the stairs and starts up them.

532 CLOSE SHOT OF CHARLOTTE - ON THE STAIRS

The CAMERA FOLLOWS her as she scrambles up the stairs. It follows her to the top, in a VERY CLOSE SHOT so that when she reaches the top, neither she nor we are aware of the figure there until she is right onto it. As she hurls her gaze upward, the CAMERA MOVES UP FAST for a POV SHOT:

533 CLOSE SHOT - DREW

His face is bloodied, his eyes are the glazed eyes of a dead man. The CAMERA MOVES BACK DOWN AGAIN to RESUME: the CLOSE SHOT of Charlotte, as she looks up in a silent retreat into final madness. Gibbering, she falls back.

534 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARLOTTE

She catches herself against the bannister, and still mouthing sounds, not words, clutches the supports as a wild animal might clutch at the bars of its cage. We feel certain, at this moment, that her journey into insanity has been completed.

CUT TO:

535 INT. ENTRY - FULL SHOT - FRONT DOOR - MIRIAM ENTERING - NIGHT

She closes the door. She looks first toward the lighted music room doorway. Then, hearing the sound of Charlotte's chattering from above, she looks up.

536 ANGLE SHOT - UP THE STAIRS - CHARLOTTE - MIRIAM'S POV

Even more the mindless, frightened animal than before . (We do not see the head of the stairs.)

537 SHOT OF MIRIAM - A NEW ANGLE

With a curious look of triumph, she crosses, and unhurriedly goes up the stairs. She comes to Charlotte and stands looking down at her. We see very plainly now that Drew is no longer at the head of the stairs. Miriam reaches down calmly and gently raises Charlotte to her feet.

538 INT. LANDING - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

Miriam leads Charlotte across the landing and into her room, turns on the lamp.

539 INT. CHARLOTTE'S ROOM - MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE - NIGHT

Miriam leads Charlotte to the bed and lowers her onto it like a child. She takes the coat off her so that she is now in her nightgown. Charlotte, all this while, is staring at her, as if having never seen her before.

540 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE

As the light comes on, staring up at Miriam in mindless fascination.

541 SHOT OF MIRIAM, CHARLOTTE

Miriam looks down at Charlotte, the cruelty of her gaze emphasized by its calm composure.

MIRIAM
(very softly)
Sweet...Sweet Charlotte...

She smiles and moves away.

542 SHOT OF CHARLOTTE - MIRIAM'S POV

Lost in silence and insanity, she is curled up on the bed as if she were trying to crawl into a hole.

543 MED. SHOT

Miriam moves out into the hallway and closes the door.

544 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte stares into space.

DISSOLVE TO:

545 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is quite silent and apparently deserted. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY over the silent, empty doorways.

(CONTINUED)

545 CONTINUED:

OVERSCENE: There is a faint sound from the head of the stairs.

LOW ANGLE: CAMERA FLASH PANS and TILTS UP quickly to the head of the stairs. Miriam wearing an elegant evening dress and, with the ravages of the day completely vanished, stands looking down into the hall. She pauses for a moment and then starts down the stairs, a picture of loveliness.

546 INT. HALL AND FRONT DOOR - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Miriam crosses the hall, opens the front door and stands there looking out.

547 EXT. VERANDA AND FRONT DOOR - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

The moonlight is intense. Pausing to take a deep, relaxed breath of the cool night air, Miriam moves across the veranda and starts down the steps.

548 CLOSE SHOT

Miriam is smiling with an expression of quiet triumph. She stops on the last step and a new emotion shows on her face as she registers something. O.S.

549 MIRIAM'S POV

Silhouetted against the moonlight a dark, looming figure stands with its back to CAMERA by one of the iron lawn tables. As CAMERA slowly, almost cautiously, TRACKS FORWARD, the figure suddenly turns to face CAMERA. Drew is smiling as he reaches forward to offer Miriam a drink. There is no sign at all of the facial mutilation that drove Charlotte to the very borders of insanity.

DREW
You look absolutely ravishing tonight, darling.

MIRIAM
Thank you, sir.

DREW
I bet Lazarus never felt as good as I do.

550 TWO SHOT

Miriam takes the drink, raises it to her lips and returns his smiles over the edge of her glass.

MIRIAM
Your very good health, doctor.

Drew sketches an elegant little bow and they drain their glasses. She moves to the silver ice bucket on the table and starts to pour herself another drink, whilst Drew watches her in silent admiration.

MIRIAM
(light-heartedly)
Well, here's to Venice in the spring.

(CONTINUED)

550 CONTINUED:

Drew's tone is casual, but has an edge to it that causes Miriam to turn and look up at him in surprise.

DREW
As a matter of fact, I'm not sure that I shall want to live in Europe.

MIRIAM
I don't see that what "you want" has anything to do with where we go.

Drew takes the glass from her hand and interrupts her with smooth insistence.

DREW
You're forgetting that Velma's tragic departure allowed me to become the senior partner in this little enterprise.

There is a flash of anger in Miriam's eyes as she watches him set her glass down on the table.

MIRIAM
(dangerously quiet)
Are you sure that you have the brains to be the senior partner?

DREW
(quizzically)
I don't think I follow you.

MIRIAM
Who d'you suppose helped to set up Cousin Charlotte for this little comedy by sending her all those charming notes?

DREW
Well naturally, Jewel Mayhew.

MIRIAM
(interrupting with angry contempt)
Jewel Mayhew! Jewel Mayhew hasn't done a thing in thirty years except to keep me in comfort until her money ran out. I sent Charlotte those notes.

DREW
(bewildered)
...and Jewel?

(CONTINUED)

550 CONTINUED: (2)

MIRIAM
(laughing)
The notes I sent to Jewel had a more practical purpose. The one good thing that ever happened to me in this house was seeing Jewel Mayhew go out to the summer house that night. She paid me handsomely for that little indiscretion.

Drew gazes at Miriam with a kind of horrified fascination.

DREW
Paid you...! Jewel murdered her husband, and you could actually bring yourself to make both her and Charlotte suffer for it all these years?

MIRIAM
(smiling)
Yes, darling. That's exactly what I did. Do you still think you have the "imagination" to be the senior member of this partnership?

DREW
(bitterly)
Evidently not.

She begins to laugh, turns away to the table and twirls the champagne bottle around in the ice bucket, setting up a cheerful metallic rattle.

DREW
I often wondered just what kind of a career you'd carved out for yourself over in Europe.

He laughs bitterly and grabs another drink.

CUT TO:

551 INT. UPPER HALLWAY AND CHARLOTTE'S ROOM - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT

The doors to the upper balcony stand open.

OVERSCENE: Laughter and the rattle of the ice bucket waft up from the garden below.

The door of Charlotte's room opens slowly and she comes out to look down the hall with a strangely vacant expression of wonderment.

OVERSCENE: Down in the garden Miriam breaks into a short peal of harsh, almost hysterical, laughter.

Charlotte's eyes widen and she moves towards the open door of the upper balcony.

CUT TO:

552 EXT. VERANDA - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE TWO SHOT: Drew watches as Miriam drains another glass of champagne.

MIRIAM
You see, my dear. You joined this game somewhat later than you thought.

DREW
I did indeed.

MIRIAM
(smiling wickedly)
If you'd known earlier, d'you think you'd have trusted me not to put real bullets in that gun tonight?

Drew smiles slowly, takes her chin in his hand, tilts up her head, and bows to her superiority in matters of pure evil.

DREW
No my sweet, I don't believe I would.

Miriam starts to laugh.

CUT TO:

553 EXT. UPPER BALCONY - HOLLIS HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Charlotte edges forward and gazes down toward the terrace in wide-eyed disbelief.

554 REVERSE SHOT - CHARLOTTE'S POV

Miriam seems unable to control her laughter. Drew grips her shoulder, dragging her around so that they are now directly beneath the balcony.

DREW
Don't overdo the celebration yet, darling. You've still got one more show to put on first thing in the morning.

MIRIAM
So early?

DREW
(chuckling)
I banked rather heavily on our success and asked the people from the State Institution to come out here about tenish.

Miriam starts to laugh again.

CUT TO:

555 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte is listening attentively.

556 CLOSE TWO SHOT

Miriam is clinging to Drew's shoulder as if she were in need of support.

MIRIAM
(laughing)
You mean I shall have to wring my hands in abject misery and humiliation at the disgrace of having a member of our "fine old family" committed to the local madhouse.

Drew laughs harshly.

DREW
"Fine old family" -- indeed! Sam Hollis was nothing but a thieving fat fraud. And furthermore, that John Mayhew that Charlotte's so fond of remembering, he and Sam Hollis were the biggest. damn womanizers in the state.

MIRIAM
(gleefully)
Oh dear, all that lovely money Sam Hollis sweated to lay his hands on - while we're spending it like water, Charlotte'll be weaving lots and lots of little baskets.

DREW
(mock serious)
Don't distress yourself, darling, basket weaving's very restful - it never cured anyone, of course, but it is restful.

MIRIAM
(she starts laughing again)
I can just see Charlotte's face when those people from the institution call you in to confirm their opinion.

DREW
(infected by her laughter)
Yes, and I was actually worrying about how long our induced insanity might last -- when she sees me walk in tomorrow, she'll let out such a screech, they'll just never let her out.

Miriam shakes with silent laughter.

CUT TO:

557 CLOSE SHOT

Leaning against the heavy urn, Charlotte looks down with terrible realization in her face.

558 RESUME SCENE

Drew bends over Miriam and embraces her fiercely. They are unaware of the light sound of falling bits of masonry.

559 CLOSE SHOT

Small particles of masonry are raining down on the terrace.

560 LOW ANGLE

Charlotte glares down at CAMERA, throwing all her weight against the enormous urn, which is beginning to tilt.

561 REVERSE SHOT

Breaking from Drew's embrace, Miriam looks up at CAMERA and starts to pull away. But Drew, still laughing, pulls her back into his arms.

MIRIAM

No...Drew...!

562 LOW ANGLE

The urn teeters, falls and hurtles towards CAMERA.

563 REVERSE SHOT

Miriam's terror has finally communicated itself to Drew, and they both look up in horror as the urn comes crashing down on them.

565 LOW ANGLE

There is a last, terrible, animal scream and the screen is obliterated.

565 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte kneels by the balustrade and rises slowly to look down over the side.

566 CHARLOTTE'S POV

Miriam and Drew, the table, the urn, lie in a tangle of destruction. Miriam's outflung hand moves slightly, and is still.

567 CLOSE SHOT

As Charlotte looks down upon the scene of her terrible vengeance, her face relaxes, and for one fleeting moment there is the faintest suspicion of a smile. Then the shutters come down and once again she has that closed, stony look of the woman whose suffering has been greater than she can bear.

LONG DISSOLVE:

568 EXT. - DRIVE IN FRONT OF HOLLIS HOUSE - FULL SHOT - DAY

A large black car, with a driver at the wheel, stands near the steps, and only a little further away are a number of other vehicles, including the Sheriff's car, a second police car and an ambulance. A buzzing crowd of townsfolk, field workers, kids and reporters is keeping a watchful eye on the front door and chattering animatedly.

569 SHOT OF FIRST WOMAN, SECOND WOMAN

They are country housewives, and they are gossips.

FIRST WOMAN
What I heard - that Deering woman - she didn't have nothin' but a flimsy peek-a-boo dress on...

SECOND WOMAN
Yeah, me too, I heard that. Her and that Dr. Bayliss - you don't have to guess what was goin' on there.

FIRST WOMAN
You ask me--you go to live with a blood-thirsty maniac-you're just askin' for it... she went on a real rampage.

SECOND WOMAN
(a nod of agreement)
I bet they never pin it on her--Just like back before. She's smart enough 'bout some things, all right...

570 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE THIRD WOMAN

She comes swiftly along the drive, shoves her way through the small group to join the First and Second Women. She is obviously breathless with news.

THIRD WOMAN
Martha... Dora... Whoo-ee! Is this a day! People dropping like flies--ever which way--

The first two turn to her eagerly, enviously. They speak together:

1ST WOMAN
Huh? What's happened now?

2ND WOMAN
You mean something else's went and happened?

The Third Woman takes in a gulp of air, pauses to heighten the suspense.

FIRST WOMAN
Tell what!

(CONTINUED)

570 CONTINUED:

THIRD WOMAN
Well, you won't never in this world believe it, but it's so. Jewel Mayhew -- and I know because I got it straight from old Bessy -- Jewel Mayhew just went and dropped dead this morning!

1ST WOMAN
What!

2ND WOMAN
You're just foolin'!

571 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE WOMEN - PAUL MARCHAND'S CAR - PAUL, HARRY IN B.G.

coming up the drive.

THIRD WOMAN (cont'd)
She had her third stroke, and she was gone 'fore they even got the doctor on the phone. And just guess what brought it on...
(a pause)
It was when she heard what happened over here.

572 FULL SHOT - PAUL'S CAR - PAUL AND HARRY

Paul pulls up behind the crowd and stops. Harry gets out holding Jewel Mayhew's letter.

573 MED. SHOT - PAUL AND HARRY

Paul goes around to open up the back and get out his camera equipment. Harry taps the letter thoughtfully against his hand and looks off toward the house.

574 NEW ANGLE

Paul slams down the lid of the trunk and comes around to start assembling his equipment on the hood.

574A CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

Harry leans against the car and looks speculatively up at the house. He turns impulsively in Paul's direction as if unable to contain himself.

HARRY
I say, isn't that the most extraordinary thing...

574B TWO SHOT

Paul is preoccupied with getting his camera set up in time.

PAUL
(distractedly)
What is...?

574C CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

Harry chews his lip as if realizing that he is not permitted to convey his thoughts as actual fact.

HARRY
Well, it's only a thought, but just suppose that it was really Jewel Mayhew who murdered her husband back in '27...and suppose there was a witness to that murder...

574D TWO SHOT

Paul is not really listening.

PAUL
(indifferently)
So...?

574E CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY
Well, it would certainly explain why Jewel Mayhew never tried to collect on her husband's insurance; even a routine investigation might have revealed her guilt. And if that were the case, then what was to prevent the witness to the murder from blackmailing her - bleeding her white?

574F TWO SHOT

Paul's camera is now ready, and he turns to gaze expectantly at the front door.

PAUL
(still preoccupied)
So what does that give you?

574G CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY
Well you must admit it would give the timing of Jewel Mayhew's death - and all this -
(he waves towards the house)
a certain, rather bizarre irony, wouldn't it. After all it would mean that Charlotte Hollis suffered all her life for a murder she never committed; and furthermore, if Jewel Mayhew had only confessed earlier, all this...
(he waves again at the house)
need never have happened. But as it is, I suppose people will now be convinced that Charlotte is totally insane - and always has been.

574H TWO SHOT

Paul's attention is caught by something in Harry's tone and he turns to look at him searchingly.

PAUL
(seriously)
Hey, you're not kidding, are you. You mean that's true?

HARRY
How on earth should I know? I was just speculating...

Paul is not convinced.

HARRY
Merely speculating, that's all.

Paul is still doubtful whether this is to be taken seriously or not, but then as murmur goes through the crowd, Harry moves away and Paul hurries after him.

575 EXT. VERANDA AND FRONT DOOR - HOLLIS HOUSE - DAY

Charlotte is dressed in her very best, which is to say she is, as nearly as she can contrive, the Charlotte of the portraits in the library. The ATTENDANTS from the Institution, indentifiable

(CONTINUED)

575 CONTINUED:

by their uniforms, follow at close quarters, but do nothing to restrain her. Sheriff Standish hovers nearby. Charlotte comes down the steps, and looks at the group gathered in the drive with no sign of displeasure.

576 NEW ANGLE

Standing near the Three Women previously featured, are Paul and Harry. Paul shoves forward, camera poised. Harry takes the letter from his pocket.

PAUL
Hey, Miss Hollis, baby -- over here!
Look this way, huh?

Charlotte stops obligingly and gives Paul a proud smile. The flash-bulb goes off. One of the attendants takes her arm, ushers her gently into the car and closes the door. Harry steps forward.

HARRY
Miss Charlotte... It's a message for you.
One you've been waiting for...

He hands her the letter and she nods gravely in thanks. As the two of them pause, Paul has come around to another angle for more pictures and the three women, standing nearby, are in animated conversation.

FIRST WOMAN
Sometimes they got their sane moments...
you can't tell 'em from you or me...

THIRD WOMAN
Maybe so, but you ain't seen Dr. Drew and
that Miss Deering lyin' in there. She just
has to be crazy as a loon.

A sudden lull has made the last part of this speech come over much louder than intended. Charlotte looks at the woman with that wonderfully calm, steady gaze, that is as much as to say: "You really think so?" Then, ignoring the quailing woman, she turns, looks straight at Harry, and winks. Harry returns the gesture. The three women look at Harry and move away a little. Harry gives them one of his most charming smiles, and then turns his attention to the waiting car.

577 NEW ANGLE

The uniformed DRIVER prepares to drive off. Charlotte sits in the back and starts to open her letter.

There is some delay as one of the Attendants has a short conference with Sheriff Standish, who appears to be getting what is in effect a receipt for Charlotte, who under other circumstances would have been his prisoner.

578 CLOSE SHOT

Charlotte reads the letter, her reactions progressing from bewilderment to shock and finally to realization. She turns, looking for Harry as if either he or she could in some way retrieve the situation that is now irrevocable.

579 NEW ANGLE

Wedged between the uniformed attendants in the back of the car, Charlotte looks out, hopelessly searching the crowd. The car begins to move.

580 CHARLOTTE'S POV

We get a brief glimpse of Harry's concerned face as he cranes his neck to get a better view. Then he disappears and there is nothing but blank, staring faces.

581 FULL SHOT - CAR AND DRIVE

The crowd parts to make way for the car as it begins to gather speed down the drive.

582 INT. CAR

CLOSE SHOT: Charlotte slowly turns her head to face the front. CAMERA CLOSES IN as she comes to the full and final realization of having spent a lifetime expiating a sin that neither she nor her father ever committed, and that the killing of Drew and Miriam, with its irrevocable consequence of spending her last days in an asylum, was totally unnecessary.

THE END